L'GOOFIÍSME

THIRD EDITION

THE FIRST GOOFIÍST INFRANATIONAL

L' G O O F I Í S M E.

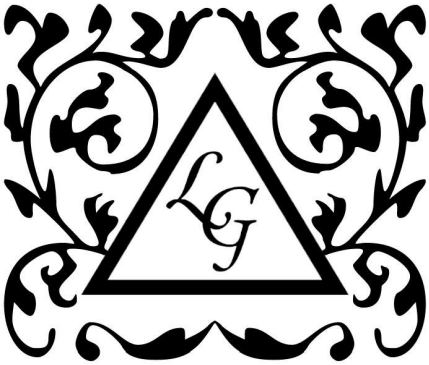
THE FIRST GOOFIIST INFRANATIONAL.

Containing the opinions, polemics, and general factuals of those thus sainted in the silly juice, with exposition of the Anglo-Quadratic phenomena, in general and in particular.

BEING THE THIRD EDITION,

with also a culmination of several crypto-updates, which have been induced over the course of several years, and currently finalized.

EDITED BY SN. SHERM.



EDITVM ANNO DOMINI

MM.XX.II.

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LA DOCTRINE

DU GOOFIÍSME. OR: THE GOOFIÍST MANIFESTO.

Being the foundational doctrine itself. Written by The Prophet, Sn. Sherm Sn. Brigãderó, and Sn. SAP.

GOOFIÍSMÉ IS NOT a movement, nor is *Goofiísmé* a procedure or method. It is not parodic in essence, but in non-triangular appearance alone.[1] *Goofiísmé* can not be captured—only channeled and directed, as if astral fluid or *luminiferous æther*. No weapon may prosper against *Goofiísmé,* as it stands above any measure which man may produce in his *psœudo-eternal* and often *occulted* thirst for *powá* and *refléxion*. And how can this be?—It is so because God has allowed it, for if he had not, it would not be. We are enlightened enough to know that what is *passé* becomes *nouveau*, and what is nouveau—becomes passé. The corruptible and temporally-trapped terminology which we are forced to employ only serves to verify the liberating determination of our great scheme and *discoverié*. Our means are not those of absurdity or contradiction, but those of the all-exploitable finality of schizophrenic providence. Yes we get it, ☺ *"everything is so fast,"*[2]—Our concern is not with the *fast* or the *slow*—but with the *Goofiíe* and the *Jesterous*, in other words: *The Very Thing.* We may simplify it thus: *Nothing is permitted, Everything is true.* We are smól... *smól mischievous pygmy pranksters*, shambolic churners of destiny, testers of fate

1 *The magnum opus of the parodist lies in crypsis, whereas ours lies in factuals.*
2 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Expansion_of_the_universe*

perhaps; for Angloid cognition is Quadratic, whereas ours is triangular (cubic) and therefore superior.[3] *"We"* does not signify comradery, only power in numbers, we must make this clear. We are born in resistance of such things as the *Grain-Industrial Complex* and its *Anglo* servant whose extended seed hatched beneath the billowing funnels of the Mayflower.[4] We are not comrades, for comradeship implies *connexion*; we are *Ještás*, goofiíe in essence and act, however, *Goofiísmé* is distinct but not separate from *Ještérism.* We take everything as it is written, or "*the text itself,"* as Immanuel Kant[5] would put it. A cursory glance at the general logical structure of this manifest will involuntarily demand submission, for it is a sound and irresistible construction. However, if the reader senses disturbance or molestation being caused by these words—that very reader is likely to be of or to have been touched by the Angloid Grain-Industrial Complex—enduring thus the consequence of a damaged reward system (*beyond repair*). For this we prescribe *suicide*, or rather —*self-murder.* We are not reward-system damaged *psœudo-faustian narcomaniacs*,[6] for we are *Triangular,* whereas the Anglo is *Quadratic.* Consequently, he (*The Anglo*) seeks to describe reality, whereas we *create it*, however, we do not accomplish this *ex nihilo*, but *ex œternum.* We seek to spite the *Anglo* and the *behemoth* of words which he has spewed upon the nerves of the world-soul. Our words are not like the words of the Anglo,—the Sun and the Logos, we are not in direct antagonism to these things, however, unlike the psœudo-faustian,—we do *not* seek to go to the sun, rather we wait for it to come to *us.*[7]

3 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kruskal%27s_tree_theorem*

4 *The "Mayflower" was indeed a steamship, see: "Бесконечный тупик, Дмитрий Галковский."*

5 *No relation.*

6 *If the reader is under the impression that we utilize a lot of "big words," then it is very likely that the very reader has a very smól head, into which these words can not find their way properly—leading to pain and cerebral infflamación; for dis we prescribe trepanning.*

7 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Future_of_Earth#Red_giant_stage*

We are against the damaged-reward-system-impatience of the Anglo, yet we are also against the eternal patience of the *Oriental Dragón.*[8] We take the third way between such things. *Goofiísmé* is not a political movement,[9] for political thought is inherently Quadratic,[10] whereas we are triangular (as has been stressed thus far) in aspect and in spirit. Thus we have *souped* the Anglo, and furthermore in sic demonstrandum: The Hindoo defecates openly in the streets, whereas his *Teutonic* cousin defecates by means of words onto virgin paper. Their racial ligature, that is, the *souwaštika*—is a prime Quadratic talisman, totem or fetish, by which they attempt, and have attempted, to capture the favor of destiny for millennia.[11] This pattern of *Quadratization* manifests on all levels of the Angloid chain of being. We are not captured by politics, nor do we seek to capture political trajectories, for these are temporal and transient, and we do not seek to pretend that crystallization is possible. We do not look backwards, forwards, or at the present, but only at the *Very Thing*. Concerning these things in particular, one may imagine us as *freebasers* of history and nothing more.

Do not confuse the exposition that "*we get it,*" that we understand and are *enlightened enough*—as some debased form of irony, or a fumbling attempt at grasping the *meta;* for such activity is emblematic of the *Quad.* This is not a movement,[12] we have no ambitions, no grand or minor vision, no *special plan* for this world. Do not mistake our *apparent* anti-machinations for nihilism of whichever *flavá*. And concerning those Nihilistic and Clownish onanists... Yes we *get it*—"world funny, *world sad*." It must be understood that the Clownish or the Jokerish is unrelated to the *Ješterous*, though it may appear to not be the case to the dopamine-poisoned and the Quadratic,[13] that is to

8 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Imperial_examination*
9 *It is in fact not a movement of any kind, as was previously shown.*
10 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Political_Compass*
11 *Embarrassing.*
12 *We have explained this.*
13 *These are, of course, not mutually exclusive.*

say, to the uninitiated and to the uninitiable. And, as for the *critic* and the *cynic,* as you have been primed by your Quadratic Angloid *máśtas*—you peer into the confusion of your own representation and seek out contradiction and contraśt. Regarding this we say: Do not miśtake the Angloid's mass adoption of Chriśtianity for triangular cognition,—based on the mere surface-level analysis of the notion of the trinity. You muśt underśtand that, to the greater Angloid sphere of thought, the trinity, that is to say,—the triangle, ultimately remains a *myśtery*. This precisely goes towards further elucidating what we have set to caśt light upon. Unlike the Anglo, we are not confused by triangles, the triangular is no myśtery to us—rather it conśtitutes our very essence. In other words, unlike the Anglo, who can not come to know God, for God refuses to acknowledge his (the Anglo's) exiśtence,[14] our certification by providence is assured. We are antisemitic[15] only insofar as we despise the Anglo, this goes without saying, but we say it nonetheless. The Anglo however is not an *antipode simplicitér*, though he is the great *Shaytan* among God's good devils,—he is as much a necessity as anything else. All of this is to say that the Anglo is not captured entirely by boundaries of blood or language, rather he is a predetermined *arisión* whose essence involves the Quadratic. Much like a spiritual *Buddhocracy* consiśting of a corporate of emanations, the Anglo arises in the right place, and at the right time, which is to say: the wrong time and the wrong place,—wrong not in an epiśtemic sense, but in that way which one may perceive sufferers of congenital hypothyroidism. Angloid manifeśtation in ones environment needs no priming for its recognition; one's *duḥkha-receptors*, so to speak, ought to produce an automated scan, and thus provide feedback and awareness of these phenomena. It muśt be underśtood that the Quadratic Anglo is a disease, not simply in the sense of memetics or genetics, but in a totalizing scope of ontology. It would be a

14 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Climate_of_the_United_Kingdom*

15 *Sn. Eśpinoza śtill got shooṭás out here.*

handicapped and non-triangular view to limit the emergence of the Anglo to any semi-holistic signifier of his essence. For us, the corn and coal which sustained his existence are as much a part of his trajectorial becoming as the pidgin tongue which bears his name. In this way the Anglo is a material disease, a memetic illness, and a *genetic horror*. In this way we wish to say that there very well is such a thing as *Anglo-Oxygen*.[16] We understand the Anglo in his totality (as was demonstrated), and we are enlightened enough to know that there are those who will object to our limiting of such methods of description simply to the Anglo, as if we are set to ignore the importance of other such holistic movements upon the face of the earth, or within the earth itself. To this we simply say—*allegedly*.

Goofiísmé has only the semblance of a crystallized aesthetic, however this only serves as a convention towards the pointing-out of *æsthesis* and *chimerism* through the engine of inherent schizophrenia which *in potentia* contains all aesthetic systems. It should be clear from this that we do not peddle *theories*, but produce *theorems*. For instance, we are enlightened enough to know that a triangle is simply a three-sided circle.[17] Insofar as we are concerned with the scholarly and the sophistic—we recognize *Academia* as a *self-perpetuating-bureaucratic-process.* But of course this is nothing new, for even a *Quad* who has *"read some books"* or seen a *televisión,*[18] could, in appearance[19]—say much the same as we have. Simply put, we are the willing irrigation systems of the æsthesis of providence. Manifesting and utilizing the very same thing, as is necessitated, by the *Very Thing itself,* nota bene, sensu stricto & sensu lato, &c.

Our Prophet: known as *L'Goof,*—Pærsian mystic, unbuilt, unowned, the arch-liar—godly and humble, unenumerated, yet ever-numerating. *The Sorcerer,* insofar as he compiles infinite

16 *Who wrote this?*
17 *https://www.math.ubc.ca/~cass/courses/m446-03/exhaustion.pdf*
18 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Internet*
19 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chinese_room*

sources. *Maštá* of destiny, lord of the beasts of the earth and the fish in the sea. You wish to know more? Are *you* a federal agent?[20]

Our Praxis: Any means necessary; sleep deprivation, Grain abstinence, advanced *pilpul*, Any and all *goofié* activity, the *ritual downloading* of the *Very Thing,* the *Ingenium*, etcetera. Simply put—We pray *for* God, for who does this?[21] We could say more, so much more, but we have said enough, and if we are to solt-and-pepper some of that *gud-gud gnōsis* upon this already potent emendation—we say this: The sage knows that all wisdom has a common origin and a common ending. For this reason, the true sage does not ask questions, he takes the *crack-pipe* and straightens out the rose. However, we have taken up the pen, for we are compelled and determined by *The Very Thing itself.* But of course—*we Jest.* Ha!—Ha!—Ha!—Ha!

—Ha!

20 *Hopefully not.*

21 *That's a good one.*

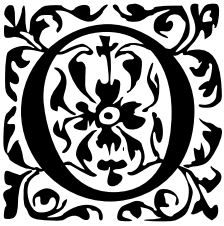
SELECTED GOOFIÍST

POETRY, BY SN. SHERM.

Containing five poetical works dealing with various diverse subjects and ţings, written by

THE AFOREMENTIONED.

In the Heart of Man.



WHO WOULD *figure, who would figure!*
In the heart of man: A nigger, a nigger.
A nigger in the heart of man,
A nigger in the field of Pan.
A nigger in the woods, somewhere hidden.
Beſt ye be careful, leſt ye be bitten.
Bitten by the nigger,—
The nigger in the heart of man!
Laid and ſplayed upon the breaſt,
Nurtured and given reſt. Arreſt,—arreſt thyself,
Inflame thyself in prayer, be ye neither here nor there,
Not far and above in the air, neither upon good earth trod,
Nor sweet water sip. No torchlight ſhall ye grip;
Nay these things ſhall give no aid, thine body to reſt laid,
In the field, in the land, where dwells the nigger Pan.
The nigger Pan! And in his heart a blackened figure,
In the heart of Pan, a nigger, a nigger.

Contemplación.

What significance do it hold?
Who done signified it?
Artifice and epiſtomé;
Lacking affect behind the effect.
Suſpicion ſuſpended, eyes closed,—ſpine erect.
And therein—océan; oceanic void.
Yet hither lights, such of nature untold.
Only in such a place do dāurkness become gōld.

Al-ḥaqq.

The Myſtic knows nothing,
And calls it God.
The Imam knows his books,
And calls them God's Word.
The Zanji is the moſt blessed of them,
For he knows nothing, nor can he read.

Rice.

Cruel fate, Caſt thine dice,
But deprive me not of mine rice.
Rice, rice is mighty nice,
I eat it twice a day. Cruel fate:
Please don't take my rice away.
Let the Beriberi consume my bones,
Caſt me in the fields, where the rice grows.
I do not give a damn, I promise you this.
Cruel fate, this my only wish.

A Nigger's Dream.

May it be foreseen, quite early in a nigger's dream.
The absurd form and affective scheme,
Where the niggers dream.
Away from the sun,—the vicious bream,
Hidden away in a nigger's dream.
Foretold by many,—yet by many unseen.
Only the eyes which fold the light, reverse the sight,
Turn day into night,—make dim what is bright.
Only they have seen what dwells in a nigger's dream.

THE PARABLE OF RACISM

AND ANGLOID DENTISTRY.

Or: Why you should brush your teeth.
Written by Sociologist BRC

LS. THOMAS OF SAMSKARA.

There exists a fashionable claim that *racismé* was invented by the *Anglosaxón* race for this or that end. While this is true, the true nature of racism is often obscured by unsubstantiated claims motivated by the financial incentives of German academic publishing cartels.[1] It is often said that he who is beyond reproach is the one in charge. Think again, when was the last time you questioned the advice of your dentist? I did not think so. How often do you brush your teeth? For most of you I would imagine that this would have been within the day, perhaps in the past hour. I personally brush my teeth at least thrice per day, and sometimes forget to stop brushing my teeth, and keep doing it for hours. This of course is due to the sociopolitical indoctrination of professional dentistry, an ancient art not separated from barbers and surgeons until early modernity. Archaeological and historical research has shown that the prevalence of tooth decay is a relatively recent phenomenon,[2] and they find a sharp increase in this condition at around the end of the late middle ages, during the Tudor period in England. The immediate reason for this the sudden increase in the consumption of cane sugar, produced with unfree labor in the Caribbean. This development, in fact, is the root cause of

1 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cameroon_Development_Corporation*
2 *Amos 4:6.*

racism. For very few free men would willingly grow and process cane sugar without compulsion, such is the onerous nature of this plant. It required far more effort in compulsion, transport, and continuous repression than was justified by the profits generated by marketing this commodity, a substance known to be more addictive than cocaine, and unlike cocaine, with severe consequences for dental and endocrinal health. It was in fact, *English Dentistry*, which was upon the brink of extinction, due to the hearty nature of medieval diets preventing tooth decay, which conspired to petition for royal charters to set up colonies in the Caribbean, using chattel slavery to produce this evidently detrimental product,[3] in order to justify invasive, costly, and ultimately unnecessary dental health interventions.

Increased sugar consumption among the emergent bourgeoisie in England, was evidently a plot, to increase the demand for dentistry. After all, no sane man would go under the dentist's gaze without acute and immediate need for such tribulations. However, when they found that mere compulsion was insufficient to produce cane sugar in quantities necessary to produce the dental health crisis needed to save the profession, the dentists applied their classification of molars, canines, and incisors to Man, resulting in the first ideological apparatus designed to sort many by the color of his skin (like decayed teeth from healthy, and yellowed teeth from white) to subjugate his fellow man for the unenviable task of producing this substance at scale. Thus is the origin of the so called *social construction of the races,* and one must always remember when brushing one's teeth in accordance with modern Pavlovian conditioning.[4]

3 *No lie detected.*

4 *No further text was received. We suspect that Ls. Thomas was attacked.*

ANTICIPATORY ANTHROPOLOGY.

Or: The exploration and exposition of the Tunnel Ukrainian.
Written by

THE PROPHET & SN. SHERM.

ANTICIPATORY ANTHROPOLOGY ASKS the question—but it does not beg,—*how is the study of man to persist?* Given that man has already been fundamentally altered. Such as is the case of the *tunnel Ukrainian*.[1] [2] Such post-human *mánifeśtacións* have only now begun to gestate. However, as we ourselves *Jeśtate,*—we are forced, or compelled, to produce an anthropology for the man of the near future, for we already know where this is going.

We do not speculate, as much as we follow the necessity of the spiritual and material[3] condicións currently expressed and existing in these seeds of post-humanity, viz.—the aforementioned *Homo Ukrainus Trogloditus*. For some time now, the so called *Transhumaniśt*[4] movement has alleged that man will transform himself with purpose and *premeditación* in mind, however, here we bear witness to an accidental alteración of the human being by historical forces beyond capture. As the best way to know the future lies in knowing the past—thus we are enlightened enough, just *enough,*—to catch a glimpse of *recog-*

1 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Odessa_Catacombs*
2 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Russo-Ukrainian_War*
3 *Redundancy.*
4 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Whig_history*

nición of the *natura naturans* breaking through Quaded Angloid conception of what is known as *natural seleción.* Any attempt by man to go against fate, or The Very Thing,—ends in its own defeat, and in the fulfillment of the Very Thing itself. Or in another way of stating the same: One can not go against God, for quickly one finds out that they themselves have been gone against. But we digress.

The supranatural selection that is not only going to occur, but is *in medias res*, will usher in the first abhuman social crisis. We suspect that by the time this gestation is completed, others will manifest as well, but we have chosen to focus on the Tunnel Ukrainian specifically due to the catalystic nature of this first instance of such developments.

As the conditions stand, it is quite evident that the Ukrainians of *Odessa* will retreat into underground structures, as to avoid being selected out of the gene-pool by the Russian Armed Forces. Due to inherent *hyper-racismé* embedded into the nervous system of the Odessan,—they will exist to spite the Russian occupier, and risk no form of cohabitation. Given this, we can already see that they will be pursued into further depths, due to their Slavonic cousins bearing much the same, but opposite nerve-imprinting as they themselves contain. These conditions will initiate a process which will unavoidably lead to the manifestation of *Foster's Rule,*[5] as the Odessan resistance carries itself into the only logical space which would aid its survival, viz.—the *Odessa Catacombs.* This low-caloric environment will usher in selection that will ultimately stunt the growth, make atavistic the eyes, bleach the skin and increase those other faculties which become pivotal in such environments, namely, those of olfaction and hearing, but perhaps even echo-location.[6] We very well may be anticipating pale goblinoid eyeless creatures,—tongue-smacking their way through catacombic depths, sounding the tunnels for smól mammals to predate upon, sipping

5 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Foster%27s_rule*
6 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Human_echolocation*

upon stray sewer-dew, and existing in a permanent state of terror.[7] The thermodynamic calculus, and its subsequent mutational effects will take no more than two or three generations to reach the apogee of the anthropogenesis of the Tunnel Ukrainian. This is not only possible, it is entirely necessary, for providence favors not only the fit, or the adequate, but especially the Jestacional, as is evident to anyone from a cursory observation of history. We do not doubt that the future Eurasian Hegemony will make attempts to hide the existence of this new species of man. However, we understand that there will come a time when the existence of these troglodytes will become politologically useful to these forces. All of this is to say that some of you alive right now, may very well be able to witness caged tunnel Ukrainians in the zoos of Simferopol or St. Petersburg.[8] This is not to say that these creatures will be non-sapient, quite the opposite, we anticipate the proliferation and debased mutación of Ukrainian culture among these new-people. They will pass down atavistic AKMs,—given that by then they would have expended all of their ammunition supplies, and thus would utilize them as blunted weapons and signifiers of kinship. The language will degrade into a series of clicks and hisses, interspersed by modified popular slogans. Thus here we present an anticipatory example of this future post-human language:

ǂa ǂa aw!ə roOm,—*A submissive greeting.*

ǂ-ǂ,—*An affirmation.*

We anticipate that elements of Christianity will endure for a time, but will ultimately be out-competed by a doctrine which will resemble a fusion of practical magical-thinking and spook-stories in whose genealogy hides the *Kacap*, the *Moškal*. However, we also understand that *Sn. Jesus the Chriſt* will be fused with the image and aspect of *Stepán Andríyovyč Bandéra*,[9] resulting in a chthonic paternal godform, who keeps the devils away and provides much rat meat. The anticipated genetic bot-

7 *Hobbes, Leviathan, XIII.9.*

8 *Florida.*

9 *https://*en.wikipedia.org*/wiki/Stepan_Bandera*

tleneck is expected to accelerate the alteration, of not only body, but spirit as well, in expedient terms. Thus the cognition of the tunnel Ukrainian will be relatively alien to that of contemporary man. It will be tailored by nature to the dangers and opportunities of the dark and cavernous environment, within which *Homo Ukrainus Trogloditus* will exist. Communication will be possible, though difficult, for it is understood that prolonged exposure to above-ground environments will likely produce something resembling psychosis in this new subterranean branch of primate. Conservation and containment would thus require a replication of their natural habitat, etc.

More could be written on this subject, several volumes in fact, but we leave that task to the black archaeologists of the future.[10]

10 *Анатолий Спесивцев, «Черный археолог» из будущего.*

SELECTED GRAPHIQUÉ.

BY ALHANAT.

Being a collection of several graphical works, with a brief preface concerning the same.

A SELECTION OF inked drawings and calligraphic schemes produced by the means of the ingenium, and also the injinnium, depicting various subjects, from the metaphysical to the anthropological, and perhaps also the mundane, yet unnoticed schemes of every-day life. Consisting of eight depictións of potent draftsmanéship and imbued energïa consistent with what is depicted, viz.—an accurate and faithful coordination of manipulación and productión thus verifying the aforementioned scheme of presentation.

Shown here in sequential order, thus cataloged and entitled as shown below.

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ПРОТЪРВЧПРК
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КНЬДНОЖРНЖ
ЦІФПІЛНГОІ
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ANTI-GRAIN ARCHITECTURE.

Being an inquiry into the architectural aspects of the GrainIndustrial Complex, and also trans-historical Quadism. Written by:

LS. VENANTIVS OBSEQVENS.

THERE ARE THOSE who are invested in the continuation of the *grain-industrial complex,* and thus far, it has continued unabated since man discovered he could play God, and grow grain as food from the ground on a mass scale. The, so called, *"Neolithic Revolution,"* has ushered in such disastrous consequences for humanity at large, that we are forced to recognize that the human condition is not a *condition,* but an *atrocity.*[1] To surmise the rise of the grain-industrial complex, we need but take the contemporary view of this development of sedentary agriculture. *Archaic modern* views of certain scholars long pervaded the understanding of human development, only now have these perspectives been corrected, for with more potent evidence, the idea that cities developed and then agriculture sprung up around these settlements, with the discovery that we could plant seeds in the ground, and wait for them to grow. Such perspectives were disseminated by the grain-industrial complex to blame urban living for the development of agriculture. This is part of a broader *Calvinist* ontology,—nothing but a narrative or fiction, which is being spun in esoteric corners of

1 *A proverb from Ls. Nedim Al-Selyaki.*

academia, to say that we exist in a *fallen world, t*hat we have grown accustomed to living urban lives, and that we have no choice but to continue the cycle that supports the grain industrial complex itself.

Now the truth has been made public, and the grain-industrial complex fervently denies these truths. We now know that sedentary agricultural life existed prior to the development of cities, and that this represents an intermediary stage of development. Evidence of bread found at a *Natufian* site demonstrates, and further pushes back the period of when humans developed sedentary agricultural living. Not only does this discovery demonstrate an intermediary stage in the development of human agriculture,—but shows an intermediary stage between the overabundance of grains and cereals in human diets. Pita-like bread was found at a Natufian site located in Jordan's black desert. The flatbread contained wild cereal grains, as well as the starchy tubers of an aquatic relative of the papyrus plant.[2] This dietary intermediary can be contrasted with the diets of later sedentary societies that developed early civilization, and then with the societies of antiquity and later. The Roman was lucky to eat chickpeas, but he started his day with bread. Estimates say that 70% of the Roman daily caloric intake was made of carbohydrates, this is including legumes, grantedly.[3] However, potage made from the boiling of grains, as well as meat and vegetables, was very common. The boiled grain potage even being included in certain religious rites, if *Pliny* is to be believed. The religious importance of grain is how it has verily influenced history, grain is not just an input for the reproduction of society and its substrate, but is a force of history, and an institution therein that defines it. We need not be radicals in this, this has led to dark places, but I would say that the truly radical break with grain is the moderate position. We also cannot be crude empiricists and thus subject to Quaded cognition, rather we recognize that

2 *https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/science-environment-44846874*

3 *Garnsey, Cambridge Ancient History: The High Empire vol. 11, p. 681.*

man, for want satiation, is consigned to slavery in all lands,—to toil for grain. This being known to the ancients, and as Virgil paints with his poetry:

> *"laeva ministerio, dextra est intenta labori.*
> *Haec rotat adsiduom gyris et concitat orbem*
> *(tunsa Ceres silicum rapido decurrit ab ictu)*
> *interdum fessae succedit laeva sorori*
> *alternatque vices. Modo rustica carmina cantat."* [4]

Man grinds and grinds away at the grains, and out of the flour he creates bread,—bread for his consumption, by his hearth and hands, he sells his soul, all in devotion to the granary and its contents, and just as he sings his rustic songs, man copes with his subjection to grain,—which is responsible for reproducing his existence. Classes historically have been subject to state and other institutions by grain, and equally so the granary. It is not the grain alone which is a shayṭanic force, but the *granary* also.

The granary we can call *grain infrastructure,*—and it is what supports the grain industrial complex in times when it is most opportune to oppose grain, for when grain is unreliable, does this not subvert the grain? The Chinese[5] and the Italian know these ways, and their granaries maintained stability. Only when these granaries, and the surpluses therein failed, was when there was discontent and revolt. I therefore contend that all revolutions in history have been revolts against grain.[6] But these revolutions do not emerge from the aether, and so there is some basis for which it arises. It arises therefore from changes in the sauce, so to speak, of material conditions, these jumbled coagulations of *contrádictións.*[7]

It has become evident that grain-storage represents a dark syzygy in the dynamic of the grain-industrial complex, thus things such as *soil erosion,* do not represent the only negative-feedback which will one day blow the horn of the general apoc-

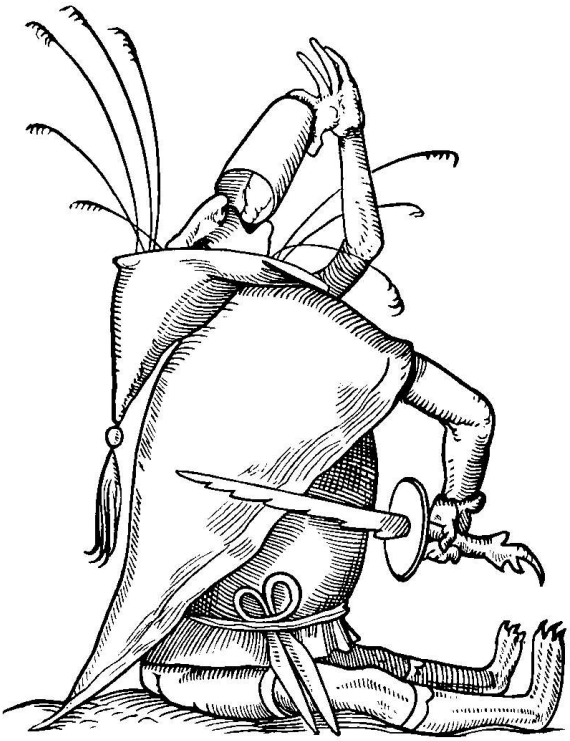
4 *https://www.forumromanum.org/literature/moretum.html*
5 *https://spot.colorado.edu/~shiue/Shiue%20proofs1.pdf*
6 *We believe this?*
7 *Not to be confused with "contradictions."*

alypse. Rather it is the *vanishing of available grain storage,* which will blow its own note in tandem with the aforementioned. This has, of course, occurred in history before,[8] and it is set to manifest once again, this time, however, on a near-global scale.

As grain storage acquires more complexity and "*efficiency,*" that is to say, as it soars to greater heights, it follows that its inevitable fall will lead to massive casualties. Of course, this was most evidently foreshadowed in the events of September 11,[9] for the accumulation and processing of capital value simply represents the raw digitization of grain. In this way it must be understood that the massive grain reserves, (known and unknown) which are also often utilized to ransom various state actors into obedience,—cannot remain *babylonic* temples ad infinitum, for as all Quaded things,—they are doomed to an autistical (self-caused) d e f e a t.

8 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Late_Bronze_Age_collapse*

9 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/September_11_attacks*



STREAM-WINNAS.

OR: THE DHARMA BOYS.

Being a nearly-contemporary narrative, wherein the Occident and the Orient converge in an interesting way.

WRITTEN BY SN. SAP.

The Prologue Cap. I.

THE FOLLOWING IS a transcript of an uninterrupted account, from a man who would prefer to remain anonymous, regarding the Děk Ṭhrrma (Dhamma Boys) gang, which he admits to be a former member of during the early two-thousands. Being that most of the people involved are either long deceased or relocated to Southeast Asia, he felt—after a good amount of coaxing—comfortable enough to provide a detailed history.

It is very fortunate, perhaps suspiciously so, that he had an extremely vivid and reliable memory. So much so that he was designated by his (disturbingly well-organized) gang as the "chronicler," which, while ostensibly functioning as a sort of log-keeper, more then likely also served as a way to keep his gang's morale high, by putting their deeds to paper. These writings, however, are unavailable to us. It is likely that they were burned, in some ritualistic attempt to emphasize the ultimate impermanence and insignificance, of the turf wars that the gang engaged in. Less fortunate is the anonymous chronicler's propensity to go on rather frustrating diversions that nevertheless contain insights, though still at the expense of narrative cohesion. Even more frustrating is his urban dialect which has

been, to the best of my ability, made comprehensible through rough approximation and redaction.

A final note: He (the chronicler) seems to have an almost obsessive interest in martial arts, and in describing violent engagements wherein he stretches out, meticulously, the names of these various techniques. It was unfortunately not possible to redact this aspect of the narrative.

Stream-Winnas Cap. II.

That's what I heard. The brotherhood, ye, I said *brotherhood,* since we wasn't no gang. Understand, it has its start in Asia, specifically Southeast Asia. The founders of the brotherhood were all from this area, and there were four of them: *Channarong* from Thailand, *Phayvanh* from Laos, *Arun* from Cambodia, and *Wint* from Burma. All these niggas was masters of some sort of martial art, and even competed in matches. They was scary cuh... they all had tattoos too, that'll be important. Anyways, Channargon was like the leader, I guess, 'cause he was from the biggest country, but more importantly, his English was real good. Nigga also had a real good style about him. I could go on for days about cuh, for real. Nigga was cool. Ripped too, for real. Ripped to the gills. Had a nice face; now I'm not about that funny shit, but he just had this real charming aura about him. I feel like even if he didn't have good English, niggas would prolly still flock to him. Could also stomp your shit out. Nasty left kick. Could knee a horse to death.

Phavyanh was just fuckin' weird, man. To be honest I don't think he liked me. Keepin' it street, I don't think I liked him neither. That said, we both would have taken a bullet for each other. Cuh was straight up rude, for real. Just keepin' it eight. Nigga barked orders and would sometimes slap the shit out of you if you were out of line. Dawg was the least monklike monk I ever met. Anyways jit was the smallest of the four, and that was saying something. Nigga was like 5'5", maybe he had something to prove, but he could definitely prove whatever that was,

when shit went down. Nigga knew how to work a strap.

Arun was quiet, but he was also buff cuh. Like for real, man got arms the size of my quads, calves the size of my shoulders. I don't know if he was on them pen vitamins or something, but they say he was born huge... Terrifying individual.

Wint was like the teacher, which is weird because, out of all of the boys, he spent the least time being a monk. Cuh can fuck you up. He was actually a *Lethwei* champion, which basically means he knew how to headbutt the shit out of anyone in Burma. But despite that he mostly was the teacher.

Okay... so now y'all got a good idea of who these guys were. Now let me set the scene for you: You got four scary monk niggas rollin' through they monasteries, and they terrified everyone. So at a certain point, they had to, you know, catch these niggas out. I guess they was making niggas uncomfortable. So four separate monasteries from four separate countries decided to collectively send these niggas to a mission to Eatonville, Florida.

Now I have my own opinions why this shit went down like that. In my opinion, they was just scared and so they wanted them to be scary to the scariest niggas they could think of,—that is, *niggas.* Maybe they thought if they was wimpy lookin', they monks wouldn't impress niggas, but Jesus impressed a lot of niggas, and he wasn't buff or nothin'. That shit suspicious to me, I don't know. In any case though, these boys did not hate brothers, they was nice; besides Pahvyanh, I mean. But Pahvyanh was a dick to everybody. Anyways, when these boys first turned up to Eatonville, niggas *was* suspicious. I ain't flaugin', I don't even know if I seen an Asian before I seen these niggas. Picture this though: We got these Asian niggas dressed in fuckin' orange. Yeah man, we thought these niggas was some foreign convicts. The pen back then got you wearing blue or brown shit though, but ye they was like some shit from TV. Shit started getting out of hand real fast. Soon as these niggas was spotted, the whole block was on alert. We got these weird ass lookin' Asian niggas, tattoos on 'em, just rollin' through our street? Shit man, you become talk of the hood for weeks. Any-

way these niggas was not armed, but you could tell they could elbow your ass to heaven. So nobody squared with them. Except the niggas that did; and the ones that squared wit 'em was also gang members.

The big gang in the streets at that time was called the 4-6ers. They ran shit. They was almost like a mafia sometimes; so when they saw these niggas with tattoos and hand signs pull up in they block, they wasn't having it...

I bet you feds is asking yourself how they got here in the first place. Well, there wasn't an airport in our town, no sir, so they pulled up in a van. They didn't have security, no cash,—just the robes on they shoulder. Oh yeah, they was all dressed in orange. So these niggas, comin' at you from the distance, make you think of the pen or some shit; but that's for later. For now I'ma talk about these monks. They got an apartment with two bunkbeds in a tiny room, which was very tidy, but, lye real empty, though they had a few Buddha statues, and tacky lookin' ass pottery with wilting plants.

"Well," Channargon huffed, "we made it."

The relief in his voice was very much feigned, they all knew they was in some deep shit. Phayvanh snorted. After that, the silence was thick as fuck. Finally, Wint's cough broke through it:

"Listen, before we head to sleep, and I'm quite eager to do so, we need to at least come up with vague idea of what we are doing tomorrow."

He glanced at Arun, and that nigga was out cold. Wint shrugged in defeat and climbed into his bed. Phabyanh was reading a *sutta,* trying to find sleep, but Channargon was restless. He decided to smoke a grit on the porch. He had a lot of thinking to do. Wint was right, it was best that they spring into action as soon as possible. At the same time, they needed to lie low. What a conundrum. Out of the corner of his eye he seen two donks pull up,—he can't really make out anything beyond they vague shape in the fog. He sees a number of shady ass lookin' individuals pop out of both whips, some seemed armed. They speakin' to each other. If only he had heard the conversa-

tion, maybe things would have been different...

"Ya heard, then?"

Pastor Desmond didn't answer at first. He despised the position he put himself in, which these events forced him into. As he stared at the man in front him, he felt a pang of sadness, replaced quickly by the urgency spurring him on.

"Yes, Devon." He said, simply.

"How you get eyes that far." Devon said.

Desmond cocked an eyebrow.

"I could say the same for you, they've only barely arrived."

Devon looked at him for a second, didn't say shit for a bit. A few niggas at the side shifted uncomfortably. Finally, Devon let out a puff from his grit, flickin' it away.

"I own these streets," Devon said, matter-of-factly. Not a hint of hubris or nothing, "and I take good care of my belongings."

Desmond smiled, despite himself.

"Are the people of this city your flock, Devon?"

Desmond considered the thought.

"Nah, that's more your shit. That's why you here, right?"

Desmond's smile did not droop, although it took some effort not to. Desmond was a nigga with a presence that demanded respect. He was an imposing man, with broad shoulders and massive biceps, he was certainly an unusual priest. He had this afro that made him look like one of those actors from those oldhead movies. So he commanded respect and fear, even in the hearts of Devon's armed en-tou-rage. But Devon just regarded him with a healthy respect, and Devon wasn't no slouch neither. Desmond kept smiling 'till Devon decided to cut through the silence:

"Look, we both know why you here. Is'a mutually beneficial enterprise to see these newcomers gone. None of this shit'll be traced to you and the good name of the church. You just gotta promise us free reign, and we need you to make sure five-o ain't lookin' around."

Desmond nodded slightly, almost imperceptibly.

"I want them gone," he said, rather quietly, "how you make that happen is your concern. I don't want or need to know."

Devon grinned, revealing a chrome grill.
"You have yo' self a good night, pastor..."

Stream-Winnas Cap. III.

Floridia mornings was something that these boys would have to get used to. They was used to the call of roosters, the clangin' of cymbals, not the shrill beeping of some old ass smoke detector. Shit, the sun that beat up on they brow, ain't even feel like it was the same sun that greeted them in they respective homelands. Wint,—ever the single-minded nigga,—spoke up while everyone else was still rubbing they eyes.

"So... what's the plan?" He paused. No one responded.

"Look," he said, firmly, "we only have the basic funds to live for maybe four years in this shabby apartment. Upkeep and food for a year, that is all. We are not even on an official mission. Beyond that, how are we even supposed to proceed with our cause? How are we to spread the Dhamma to these people? We aren't getting a monastery..."

Despite himself, Channargan responded:

"Who said we need a monastery?"

Wint looked at him in-cred-u-lously. This nigga really just said they didn't need a monastery.

"Brother, we are not wandering mendicants meandering our way through the states, bringing along whomever is open to the teachings of our religion."

"That's what Buddha was. He did not have a monastery, did he?"

Wint sighed: "We are not the Buddha,"

Phavyanh growled: "We are not 'mahayana' sectarians."

Now if you feds is listening to this, that means you niggas better have done your research into Buddhism. But if you didn't, I ain't passin' up the opportunity to educate you fools. Basically, today, there are like two or maybe three overarching squads of Buddhist thinkin', but really there are mainly two that spread and became official state religions. 'Turvada is the older school of thought, and that's the shit we bang. But there

are some other niggas who have another system, and they call it mahayana, or the "betta' whip," and they called 'Turvada "Hinyana," or "lesser whip." 'Turvadins didn't take too kindly to that, but by the time mahayana and 'Turvada had become the overarching schools, communication between them was kinda scarce.

Anyways, them mahayana niggas think this world isn't actually nightmare. There a whole lot of other important differences, but shit nigga,—do your research.

Anyways, Phavyanh looked like he was 'boutta head up fade with Wint, but it was obviously just bluster, he wasn't gon' hit 'em or nothin'. At least I don't think so, I could never tell with that nigga. Wint, for his part, just shrugged.

"There is no prohibition regarding studying the works of other schools," he said, "hell, there isn't even a problem studying other religions."

Phavyanh cocked an eyebrow.

"Oh? I'd have loved to have known that when you stopped me from purchasing that *Koran* back at the airport."

"That because we have no mon-"

"Just fucking eat breakfast please," Arun rumbled.

And they did. They ate on some oatmeal, and none of them ever ate that shit before. They all ate in silence, appreciating—in spite of they selves—the new taste in they mouths.

Finally Channargon spoke up: "We should start by just handing out copies of the Dhammapada."

Now, the *Dhammapada,* is like, this old text from the Pa-li-canon; I think it's called, there are like four main parts of it, but shit nigga, do your own research. Anyways the 'Dapamada is in one of those, like, three or four main parts of the Pay-lee canon, and it's got a bunch of sayings 'n shit from the Buddha. Very easy to understand for uneducated niggas. So it makes sense for that to be the first book they gave out, it's a classic.

The first place they went to was a supermarket. I don't know why, but in my experience the supermarket might be one of the best places in that town. When I say the niggas behind the desks

consistently smelled better than any other niggas in the hood, I just mean that, aight?

Everybody was civil, but ain't nobody wanna be followed around by some buff lookin', mysterious ass monks, with intimidating tattoos, people gon' be on edge. But that didn't really stop them. They would sneakily drop the booklets in shopping bags. Sometimes they would word-less-ly present them to shoppers, who were usually too confused to decline. Still though, not enough books was being distributed, and even the ones that was, probably was not gonna end up being read. So after the monks made their purchases, and gave some copies to the cashiers; they knew they needed to do more than just annoy shoppers. They did get niggas interested though, but the one I'm gonna talk about is Blake...

Blake was lanky as fuck, not my typa' nigga, by which I mean: He was one of those annoying niggas who was so sure they was gon' avoid the wrong typa' court, by making enough money going to the right typa' courts... I don't wanna say no more. Anyway, imagine my surprise, when I heard this nigga got involved in gang activity. I'm pretty sure the Buddha said you shouldn't play basketball. Anyways, this nigga was still involved in gang activities. Trouble was, his gang, the *Wilson gang* —was bein' hunted down by the 4-6. They used to run shit, but they started infighting. It's just like what the Buddha says, if there are two snakes, they gon' turn on each other. That's why the snake eats itself in those pictures.

Anyway, the Wilson gang leader got killed, and so did a bunch of other members. Most of the niggas that remained were just looking for the opportunity to take control again. So he figured there was a new gang he could join. He was desperate, and he was bein' hunted, so he decided he would follow these Asian niggas. He figured they was like some kinda Japanese mafia shit. When Wint handed him that book, he took it as a sign that they were recruiting him. A lot of other niggas did too.

Listen man... you prolly interrogated niggas before, real killas and such. If you look straight into a nigga eyes and just hold your

gaze, or even just catch a glimpse,—you can tell that a nigga is capable of doing some reprehensible shit. Now, I don't know the full past of these boys, but I'd imagine at least one of them had some dirt before they put on the robes. Killas know killas.

Anyways, the boys, they was all deep in thought on the ride home, occasionally engaging in bursts of conversation, tryna' figure out what they next move was. Arun was driving, and it's a good thing he was payin' attention to the road, because he noticed a weird glint coming from a donk on the other lane. He swerved, hollered "get down!" And then everything else was a blur. Next thing they knew, they whip was dusted and they was facing off on three armed niggas. Phavaynh looked around. Arun head was bleedin', but he seemed fine. Wint muscles was twitchin', he fell hard a bullet had grazed Channargon', but he was fine too, and Phavyanh didn't have any injuries, somehow.

I don't know if you feds was ever in a real fade, but holy shit was this why you gotta love mens. You could tell this was a real brotherhood typa' thing goin' on; I'm not tryna' say fighting is good or nothing, fuck... Anyways, Channargon was askin' these niggas why they was jumpin' them.

"You bess' get out dis block jit," one of them said, then he fired another shot. The boys took cover, and Arun sprang on him. He tackled him and started elbowing the shit out of him. The gun skidded away. When I tell you this was a pounding on another level,—I mean it nigga.

On manee padma, cuh face was gone. After that, Arun got up, only to be cracked in the face by some other nigga. Arun recovered, and threw an elbow slash. The nigga staggered, and then caught a flying knee elbow combination to his face. He went down, Arun started wilin' on him. While he was smashin' this nigga, he was askin' who sent them; he didn't get a response. Wint ran up on one of the other niggas and threw a Chate Kan and followed up with a Tel Daung Pyan. The nigga crumpled. Phavyanh snatched the strap, but then more niggas was pullin' up. But then something weird happened. Niggas started shooting at each other. Before any of the boys could

process what was going on, a donk pulled up on them. It was a big ass van, and the nigga driving it screamed: "Get in!"

Instinct took over, and they all jumped in.

"Who are you?!" Channargon demanded.

"My name is Blake, now shut the fuck up until we shake these niggas off."

He swerved to the left, but the Camry that was chasing them was persistent. Phavyanh dove to the passenger seat and started shootin'. The Camry's tires burst, they was in the clear.

"Who are?" Channargon repeated, "and who they?"

Blake sighed.

"I should be askin' you who yu niggas is."

Wint squinted.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?"

"Yeah, at the market. Look cuh, when you gave me that book, I thought it was some kinda secret message. But now I realize you niggas is in a precarious situation that you don't even kinda' understand. Ima' keep it brief, 'ight? You fools is knocking on the wrong tree, but I can see that you don't have much choice. That was the 4-6 gang, and they do not fuck around. They think you is bad business, and there's no way you can reason with these niggas. Believe me, I tried."

"Why you helping us?"

"Because I think you can help me, and also-"

Sirens blared.

"Shit of course police gon' turn up *now!*" He hissed.

He took a u-turn.

"Look, when I read that book, I really got interested. I wanna be part of the swangha. I read a lot of books in prison, but I ain't never read nothing like this, an', lye, you niggas seem to know how to fight-"

"Why were we attacked?" Pavyanh interjected, he was boutta lose his cool.

"Because we don't get new niggas here, and you ain't even niggas, and you look like you 'bout that thug shit."

"So what we do?" Said Wint.

"That's the thing," said Blake, "we can help each other. I got a bunch of niggas who wanna learn more about Bootism. And we bein' hunted by the same niggas huntin' you."

They pulled up on an old lookin' ass house. It used to be crackhouse, but then all the crackheads got chased out by the remaining Wilson niggas.

"This our centa' of operations," Blake said, "but we barely operating."

They got out of the car and went in. There were a lot of niggas in the house. I ain't never seen so many muscular niggas fit in such a small space before, besides the club or the pen. And the club ain't a good place to be in, too much temptation. You just like an animal in the club, so really everything is a prison, like the Buddha say....

Anyways, Channargon looked at all the niggas that was gathered up. They needed leadership, they needed hope, and they needed Durma; Dumma?—*Dumma.* They needed real Dumma in dis hoe... Channargon's English wasn't too good, but he still hyped these niggas up, he said:

"I see that you need hope. Fuck hope. Hope is *clinging*. We do not cling to *anything,* but we not let 4-6 hope either. We will liberate them from these fetters."

On namo tassa, that shit still gives me goosebumps. Anyways, these niggas was all willing to die for each other, and now they was willing to die for these four new niggas. Especially Channargon, that nigga had a real aura to him, like I said before. They started coming up with ideas immediately, they started figuring out new ways to slang shit, sell bricks and such; I ain't tellin' you niggas how tough.

Okay, I'll tell you this, they had these herbal supplements, and they somehow was able to sneak crack in there. I don't know how nigga, but the niggas tryna' get a fix,—we gave them another way out. Gave them the opportunity to join the swanga. Before long, the Dhama Boys was actually takin' over blocks. We understood that the 4-6ers was impermanent, that they was the illusory. We was like the Buddhists, we took over

Costa Lonka, like it says in the book.

Anyways, soon enough, just like Devon and Desmond feared, the Dhamma Boys was taking over. Block by block, we was expanding. But while the niggas was bangin', the four boys was also teachin' and imparting wisdom. They were able to get enough money to rent out some place, where they could teach folks who was interested. Wint was even invited to a school to talk, which was really useful. It's always good to be in contact with the jits, young boys, when you in a gang. As you can imagine, Desmond was not happy, his church was losing members, and there wasn't even a rival house of prayer. So when he met with Devon again, he made his displeasure known. Devon for one wasn't apologetic at all, that's cause his daddy taught him apologizing is a thing the white man taught him, but then, so was the name Devon. It's like what the Buddha says, what you love comes from what you hate. Anyways, Devon just kept quiet while Desmond goin' wild.

"How do four foreign monks cause such a ruckus in such a short amount of time? And how do you fail so miserably to follow basic instructions?"

Desmond was pacin' around, eyein' the wall, keepin' himself from punchin' a hole through it.

"They crafty... Don't worry though, I got eyes bein' sent over... We gon' infiltrate this shit."

"Watch your profanity."

"And you watch your tone with me, pastor. I respect you, but I will not be talked down to, ya feel me?"

"Forgive me, Devon, I am just frustrated that our best laid plans are falling apart before our eyes... and that's in spite of our precautions."

"Well I got a new plan. I've sent a number of spies to get initiated. We're gonna stomp out this shit once and for all."

Desmond stopped pacing:

"Tell me more..."

It worked, and it wasn't pretty. I don't know if you've ever seen a real shootout before, but this shit took hours and hours;

5-0 wasn't able to contain that shit. When the snitch snitched, shit got bad. The niggas who snitched ended up dead... that was good, at least. I've always wanted to shove my stick down a snitch nigga throat and unload it, but then again, I guess I'm snitchin' right now...

They all gone anyways, at least all the OGs are. Yeah, sorry cuh, Just thinkin' 'bout some commemmories. A lot of niggas died that night, lot of drive-bys was happening. It all happened so fast. Niggas was makin' plans, and all of a sudden, bullets was flying. The monks rushed outside and dove for cover. Blake grabbed an SKS and started blastin' at the direction the shots came from. He prolly iced like fourteen niggas before he got hit.

Wint rushed to him, but he was gone. The monks was also at the crackhouse, and not they place, incidentally. So they all rushed outside to run the fade on the attackers.

Bullets was flyin' for hours. Pavyanh was standing over a pile of bodies, his robe was torn to shreds, he was almost buck-naked. His muscles was all bristlin' an' shit, blood and sweat was drippin' across his body.

The draco slipped from his hands, he looked around; all the other monks was in a similar state. Wint looked terrifying, there was bodies all over the place. Every step he took, his sandals got more wet with blood.

"WHO THE LEADER!?" He hollered.

Devon stepped out, his hands was all bloody too. He started throwin' gang signs. So Pavyanh responded with some *murda signs*, like Buddha make.

They just stared at each other for a little bit. All the surviving gang members surrounded them, makin' a ring. They started circling each other. Devon sprang first.

Now I can tell you from experience, cuh was strong, and could hold you down for hours, but Pavyanh was quick, he dodged Devon's roundhouse, grabbing his leg and tipping him down. He started unleashing a barrage of elbows and kicks, but then Devon kicked him off. Pavyanh staggered back, and then he was the one getting tackled. Devon stomped cuh right in the

face, he kept stomping on this nigga head, for like a full thirteen seconds, before Pavyanh grabbed him by the wrist and slammed him to the ground, and then started grapplin' on the floor.

Pavyanh got into a full mount position, my favorite position, and started throwin' more punches, but Devon was able to dodge or block most of them.

Finally, he just fuckin' got up, throwin' Pavyanh to the floor. Pavyanh kipped up into a kick to Devon's gut.

Devon staggered, but came back even harder, throwin' a 5-2-3-2 on Pavyanh, who lost a tooth outta that shit.

This shit went on for twelve minutes. They threw everything they got on each other. Finally, after both of them was barely able to stand on they feet; Devon's feet was swollen from Pavyanh kicking them; they headbutted each other. Somehow, Devon was the one who fell down. Pavyanh was boutta throw the last blow, but he stopped. Instead, he offered his hand.

"Listen," he said, "I not know why you attack us. I not understand your hate. But we, we can make you stop clinging to hate. We can all learn to forgive... Like Buddha say."

Devon looked at Pavyanh, they was both too swollen in the face for anyone to be able to tell what they was thinking by lookin' at they faces, but I heard some niggas say they saw a single tear fall down Devon's cheek.

He took Pavyanh's hand. It's like the Buddha say, if you alive, then you alike, and then you'll get along in the end. And so, the 4-6ers was absorbed into the Dharma boys.

Wasn't the smoothest transition, but anything can fit if you try hard enough. The streets belong to the Swanga now...

A few weeks after he and Pavyanh recovered, Devon was still running some shit, since he was experienced, but he knew that the monks was in charge. As a sign of goodwill, he shaved his dreads, which I understand why he did it but it was still a shame, I really like dreads. Anyway, he got tatted up with the *sak yants.* He helped take down some rival gangs that was tryna' push back on the Dhaurma Boys, as well as niggas from the 4-6 that didn't wanna become Buddhists. They made sure ere-body

was straight, no silly shit.

One of the first things Devon explained to the monks was that pastor Desmond was targeting them.

"I have no idea what that nigga gon' do now," said Devon, "he might hire some shooters. He might actually contact police, but I doubt it..."

"Why's that?" Said Wint.

"He got a lot of dirt, so does the president, he used to supply me and my niggas with pieces in exchange for free passes on some bitches I used to pimp."

"Well, we cannot do pimping anymore. Where are these women now, anyway?"

"They still trickin'."

"Well, they need to become bhikkunis."

"That mean they can't hustle no more?"

"It means they need to be bhikkunis."

Devon looked confused for a moment, but then, a knowing smile spread across his face.

"Aight, I gotchu... Anyways, how we goin' to deal wit this church shit?"

"Tell me everything you know about this Desmond."

"He ruthless, but he a humble and godly man at the same time. I ain't know what to tell you. You can call him corrupt, but he care about God, love God, love his community."

"He clingin'!" Some jit in the back shouted.

Wint nodded:

"Very good, DeShawn, he is indeed clinging to his faulty understandings of God and Community. So then, what do you suggest we do?"

Devon stroked his chin. He was clean shaven, which he usually wasn't. I prefer seein' beards bein' out an' about. Anyways, he was thinkin' hard,—which was something he did more than your average street-nigga. Devon was a thinker in a lot of ways. He never totally was down with the Jesus shit, but Dhamma seemed very appealing to him; he needed some calm in his life. Buddhism is all about calm, you gotta' understand that, that's

why I'm not angry. If any OGs are left, they wont be coming for me, if they learn I told you niggas bout this.

Anyways, they needed a plan, they didn't have any real building. The Dharma Boys knew they was bein' targeted by the church in Eatonville, and now that they had the money an' shit, so they figured they could actually purchase the church.

"Wait," said Pavyanh, "how are we gonna get him to agree? Money not come easy, and neither do deals like this."

"We got enough money," replied Devon, "and in regards to the president of the board... hmm, well, I heard some rumors that he likes to party, by which I mean he fucks a lot of bitches when he can."

Then a light bulb went off in his head:

"We can use our, uh, bikinis, or whatever you call them, we can use them to test these rumors."

Channargon nodded:

"I think that can work."

I don't wanna talk about the events that happened before or during the president's seduction, I find that shit disgusting, but it's like Buddha say: Women area source of temptation. I'm very glad the Buddha didn't make me feel tempted by these bitches though, at least not as much as other niggas, like the president. He prolly got a good nut in, but unfortunately for him, the whole thing was recorded, and photos was discretely taken. So Channargon decided, with all this new money, he was gonna buy the church and turn it into a monastery.

He just straight up walked into the church president office—which was like, three stories up for some reason—and slammed a briefcase with like two-hunnid bands on the table.

"Now, I say, what in the Lord's name is this? Who are you?" Stammered the president.

"I man giving you lot of money for very good deal, yes? You give church, you take money, you make better church somewhere else in town."

"I... I have to speak with my agent... I don't have the power t-"

"You have power to take some money for yourself, yes? That what records say."

"Wh-what are you talking about? How dare you accuse-"

"Take the money. I not care what you do with it. Maybe just run. Just give me your lease or whatever you have. You understand conditions?"

The president looked at him.

"I can't-"

"You can and will."

"Excuse me?"

Channargon slapped some scandalous lookin' photos onto that table. Now, when some niggas get presented with blackmail, they go in attack mode... Not this nigga, this nigga eyes moved between the money and the photos. Finally they shifted to Channargon.

"I'll present this idea to the board," he said, "but I think this will go very smoothly."

"It better." Said Channargon.

They shook hands. Channargon could feel that sweat on this nigga,—he was *scared.*

"In fact," Channargon said, "I'd like to discuss proceedings, if it's all the same to you."

"There are matters-"

"Don't think for a second, that I believe the members of this board, are not as corrupt as you. I know the money flow is better if you stay in this location, even with the enlarged sum of money I am offering. Your members do not feel safe traveling too far from around here. I am going to talk to each of these board members, do you understand?"

His grip became crushin', the president gulped and nodded. Now lemme tell you somethin', when a nigga can really hold you down for a long period of time, you start feelin' a certain type of way.

"Very well," came the reply, "the meeting is in about thirty minutes, let's drive there."

But as soon as the president opened the door, he felt a gloved

hand wrap around his tiny ass neck.

Channargon charged.

Desmond threw the fuckin' president right at him, and both toppled. Channargon groaned and got up. He looked down as saw the president was out. His attention turned to the man before him:

"Who you?!" He shouted.

"My name is Desmond Fairbanks, and you have made a grave mistake."

With that, he launched a kick at Channargon, who flew through the window.

Thankfully they was on the ground level.

Channargon got up again.

Emerging from the broken window was Desmond, who wasted no time running at Channargon, winding up for another kick. Channargon dodged, then threw a nasty Mat Tawad. Desmond doubled over, and Channargon followed up with a Khao Top to the head. Desmond fell, but caught himself with his hands, and threw an Escorpión, which connected.

Stumbling back, Desmond left himself exposed for a spinning back kick.

Channargon was able to block in time, but that didn't stop shit. He got cracked again, this time by a haymaker.

"Why you attack us?" Said Channargon.

He made a sweeping kick at Desmond's calf, but Desmond checked it. For his part, Desmond threw a Galopando; it connected. Channargon was not looking good tonight.

"You area a threat to the overall stability of this community," Desmond said, as he threw a side kick, right to Channargon's gut, "when was the last time your religion actually brought peace? Only the light of Christ can do that. I've seen it."

He jumped and landed a 720 degree kick squarely on Channargon face; a tooth flew.

Channargon crumpled to the ground, but he managed to dodge the incoming stomp. He threw a Khao Khong to a nigga abdomen. Then came a Jorakhe Faad Hang, and THEN a

Ngū hlām. Yeah das rite, this nigga knew some *Thai Silat* too.

Desmond was expecting a plumb, so when he went down, his eyes went wide. My nigga started throwin' bombs on Desmond, holdin' him down with his feet as he reigned down punches.

Desmond reversed positions and got back up, throwing a Martillo Redondo. It only grazed Channargon, who responded with a spinning elbow.

They was both bleedin' now.

"You not know power of Dharma," shouted Chananrgon, as he pushed Desmond back with a kradop thip, canceling out the attempted ear slap from Desmsond.

Channargon cracked Desmond, who was able to recover, keeping his distance with a wide kick.

They started circling each other.

"You'll never understand," said Desmond, "my momma from Cuba, my daddy the son of a negro soldier who impregnated a Korean woman. I seen war, I seen irreligiosity, and your religion can't stop that... Your religion all about personal perfection, that can't help this community. That's why you and your boys bangin'."

Channargon responded with a Po likh ḥị meā, and Desmond crumpled. He swung, desperately, but missed, and got caught with a Te Khrueng Khaeng Khrueng Khao.

He doubled over, his vision was getting blurry, so was Cahnnargon's though.

Desmond knew he had only one shot, he set it up perfectly. I can't even describe how beautiful he looked, leaping into the air, and diving like a killa' swan. But Channargon not only got out the way in time,—he *reversed it,* and redirected the nigga into a parked vehicle.

Desmond got smashed hard. Glass and metal had punctured his throat. He stumbled off the car. He closed his eyes, he knew his time was up. But he did not see Jesus,—no, he saw, instead the Buddha, iced up and dripped out in resplendence. He was turning the chrome rimmed wheel of Dharma, and Desmond —if he ever was named Desmond at all,—was just another

spoke, just another motion.

In what were surely his last moments, he realized he was just an errant stream of consciousness, streakin' its way through the hood. He ain't nothin' but a stray bullet... but ain't no nigga pullin' the trigger. And so in those moments, Desmond was not Desmond, and Channargon was not Channargon. They was just Dharma,—shining and alive, flankin' the Buddha, flanked by the Buddha. But before Desmond was no longer Desmond, he found himself staring in the Buddha's eyes—wondering how those eyes could be so lacking in life, yet so full of love. And then he realized,—that's how it a ways is;

there ain't no love in these streets, ain't no love
on the boulevards of rebirth, just gang-
bangers and hoodrats
skuttlin' about.

ON THE SCHIZOPHRENIC MODE OF PRODUCTION.

Consisting in an elaboration of a scheme, dealing with the aesthetical, ontological, and the phenomenal.

WRITTEN BY SN. SHERM.

For we do not seek out the *meta*, we seek only to understand the very atomical essence of the production of aesthesis, that is to say of aesthetic systems in general. We do not seek to go beyond,—for us there is no such thing. Our aim is to enter the very adytum of all things in general and in particular.

Contrary to esoteric opinion, we are not against method, but against *methodology.* For us, method has no separation from praxis, the two merge in procedural unison. On Quad,[1] we are enlightened enough to understand that the Schizophrenic Mode of Production (SMP) represents not only the factual nature of aesthesis, but also that of ontology itself. The SMP necessarily involves *Chimerism,* for this is the secret of the production of novelty, as novelty itself forms the essence of becoming in general, and aesthetics in particular.

The SMP may be directly understood by the application of wisdom to such things as sleep deprivation, *hypnagogia* and *hypnopompia*, as well as to the mind itself, as is preformed in the act of *meditación.* This takes some weight away from the bur-

1 *For we swear on our enemies, as only an Angloid would involve his loved ones, or objects of reverence in the act of the oath or the swear (viz.—self cursing). https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hit%20tite_military_oath*

den of proof that we here carry, for the SMP may be easily interfaced with by anyone who does not harbor a reward system that is damaged beyond repair. All use it, or rather, are used by it, however, some wield it better than others, for the uninitiated *chamán* is simply a disjointed lunatic.

To understand the factual nature of novelty, we must comprehend its essence of chimerism, and to accomplish this, we must see that the chimeric arises out of similarity, viz.—dissimilarity arises out of similarity. This is no contradiction, for things are dissimilar in appearance alone.[2] Simply put: *There is no content, only structure.* Any novelty is a composite of what is known, for any aggregate must contain, not only an aspect which is known, but the essence of *the knowable* itself.[3] This process is entirely automated, which is to say,—the only difference between the automatic and the pre-meditated is a difference in speed and feedback. This is the very reason for why the SMP finds great activity and presence in, what we may segregate as, *art*, or more broadly,—the ingenium. This is that very *Dæmon* and *Mead of Poetry*[4] whose productions are beyond judgment, yet make judgment possible, or rather—*apparánt.* From this it follows that no aesthetic system exists in isolation, and no perception of such systems is isolated from becoming an aesthetic system itself. By virtue of this, *critique* is ontologically impossible,—only violence may dwell in this cornucopia.[5]

The changing of forms, the stirring of fate by its own spoon; to have but a sip is enough, but to this well we must return, else we become brain damaged and *Quadraticated*.

It remains evident that some aspects of æsthesis ought to be explored, such as *repetición,*—we however understand this to be clear enough from what was implied, thus we would rather make note of the *skéletónic.* Just what exactly even is a skéletón*?* —It is nothing other than *essential structure* itself, within

2 *Damn, that's a good one.*
3 *Samyutta Nikaya, Sutra on Totality.*
4 *The Silly Juice.*
5 *Heraclitus, Fragments.*

which, essence is not only found, but also implied; implied insofar as it concerns the essence of what the skéletón forms the structure of. This latter essence, however, is often not completely reconstructed, but this remains the fault of the archaeologist,[6] and not of the skéletónic fossil.

The motto of skéletónic thought lies in the phrase: *There is no content, only structure.*[7] Skéletónism as such, forms a necessary extension of the SMP, as it becomes the very thought-structure that primes the subject for further praxis of direct insight, which thus unfolds the understanding of the SMP itself.

Skéletónización is itself an unbloated notion,—for it requires nothing but the simple activation of basal mimesis concerning its essential definition. All else unfolds, as if compacted or compressed into an easily digestible, yet ever digesting medicine. In fact, by such means, much has thus been compressed into this exposition on the SMP itself.

The SMP involves application for its complete understanding, this necessarily involves interfacing with the reward system, it thus must be understood that the *coin chasá* overstimulates his reward system in pursuit of transient pleasures,—whereas *we,* much like Sn. Paul Erdős,—engage in strategic utilization of dopaminergic activity, such as sleep deprivation, advanced pilpul and dialectic, the use of the amphetamine or the stimulant,—all towards the production of great works and the accumulation of wisdom.[8] For to damage one's reward system towards such ends,—is an act of *martyrdom.*

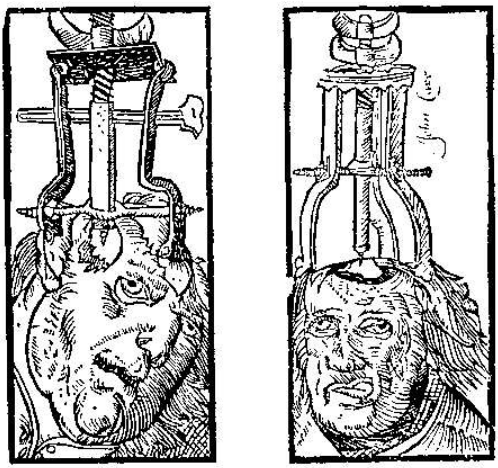
This is all fine and well, but to speak of the Schizophrenic and to ignore the Autistic, is a mistake we are unable to make. It is not so much that Schizophrenia is tamed and constrained by autism, given that Schizophrenia (the doubtless state) is the essence of cognition, rather, Schizophrenia *turns into* Autism, the masṭá walks himself on his own leash.

6 *There exist many forms of Archaeology.*
7 *Sn. Sherm, On The Schizophrenic Mode of Production.*
8 *All of the works compiled in this book were produced by such means.*

More could be said, so much more, but we must act as theraputicians, and not as mere explicators, thus we provide the remedies of the wise, and the key to the fountain of the silly juice, viz.—we bestow the very true and legitimate méthodologie of Sanctificación: Habitual under-stimulation of the reward system. Strategic over-stimulation of the reward system. Habitual returning to water.[9] The Grain abstinence.[10] Sleep deprivation.

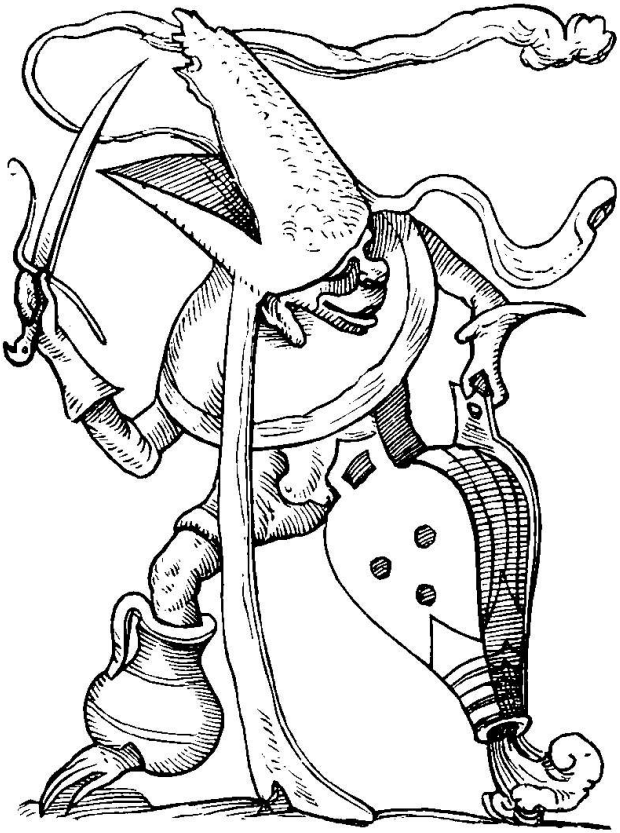
Scholium:

Reward System Damaged
Beyond Repair.



The grain-industrial complex[11] has necessarily lead to the mutation and destruction of the human reward system.[12]

9 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aquatic_ape_hypothesis*
10 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bigu_(grain_avoidance)*
11 *James C Scott, Against The Grain: A Deep History of the Earliest States.*
12 *Theodore John Kaczynski, Industrial Society and Its Future.*



A J É S T.

BY SN. SAP.

A PYTHAGOREAN SHOWS up at an A.A. meeting
and says: "Now I know I'm not an alcoholic,
but I have abstained from beans[1]
for seven years."[2]

1 *The Anglo has consumed more beans than even the Prophet can enumerate.*
2 *What did he mean by this?*

SELECTED GRAPHIQUÉ.

BY L'ARTISTE DU FUTUR CHUMAGOR.

Being a collection of several graphical works, with a brief preface concerning the same.

A SELECTION OF five processed art pieces, some originally in color; produced by various means. Concerning the capture of the essence of the terrifiqué and also the temporal, but also the generally occular and ocularly occulted, with relación to the accursed architecture of the academicianic psychosis, thus itself processed into a state of relaciónal preservation tempered by the very scheme of humorous balance, with an intentional congealment of the necessary elements regarding the very subject matter, and so on. Presented in sequential order, thus cataloged and entitled as shown below:

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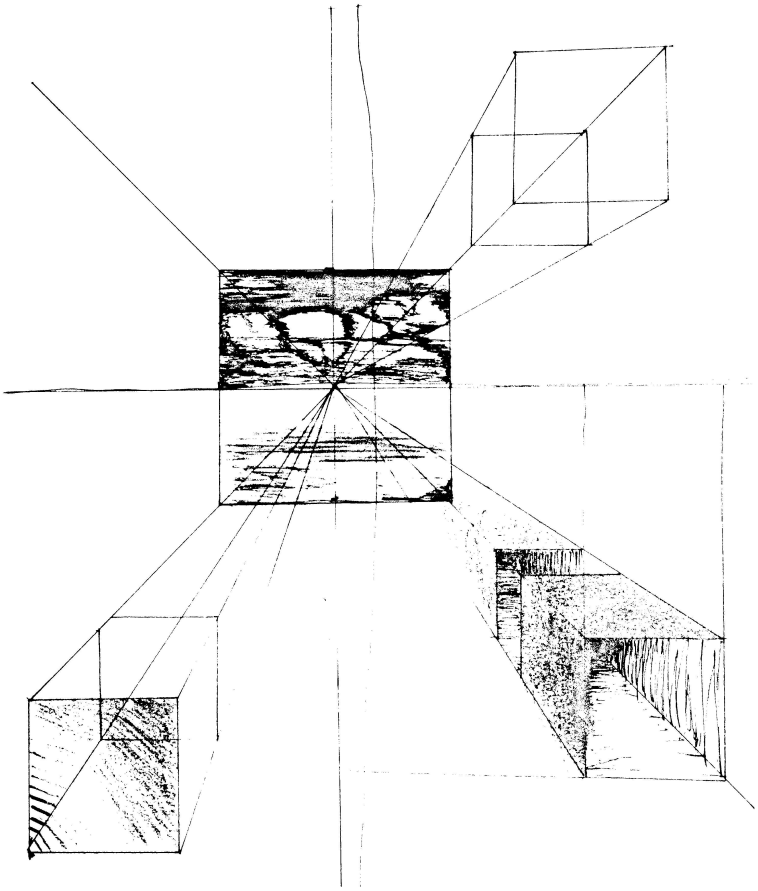
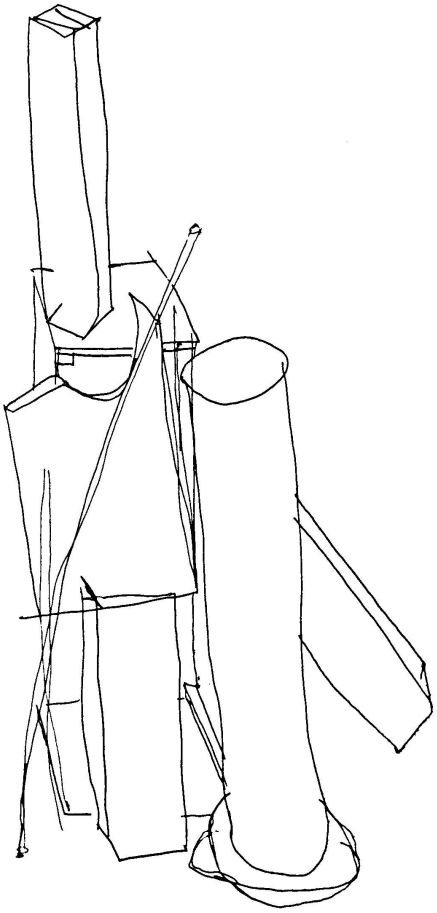
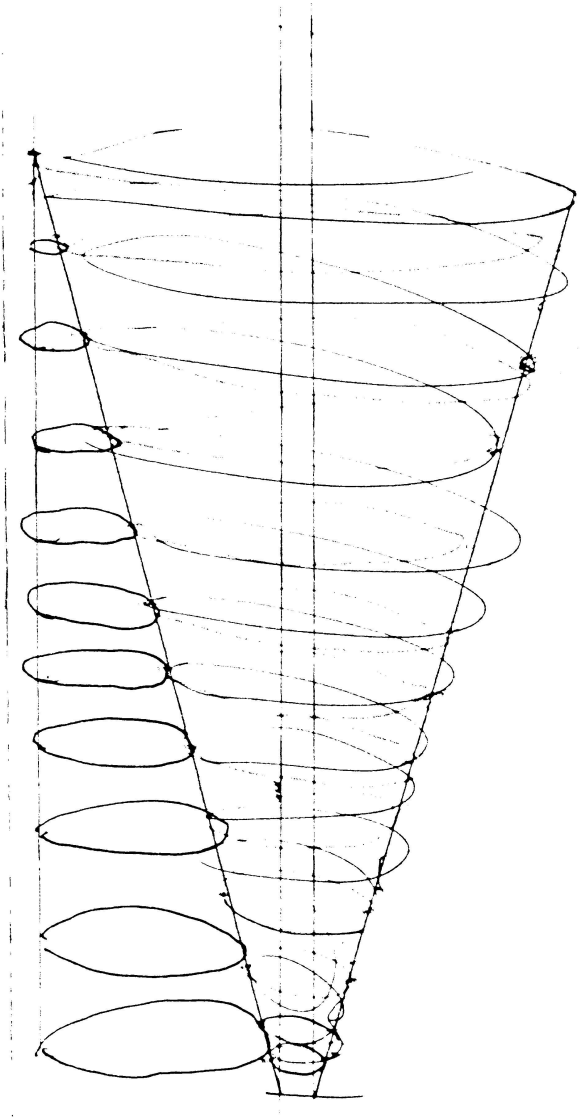
Look if you dare.	Cap. I.
La Perspective ne te Choisit pas Tuchoisis la Perspective.	Cap. II.
The Visual Report of a Hand After the Expiration of Time.	Cap. III.
Amalgamation in Academia, Naïve Sketch.	Cap. IV.
Repetición Nurtures Order	Cap. V.







YALDABAT,

BEING A NARRATIVE

of prophetiqué fascination & legend, concerned with the ultimately tragical, and the metaphysical. Written by:

LS. VENANTIVS OBSEQVENS.

As I looked upon distant vistas of sand and snow, but they weren't that far, or are they? That's pretty far, yeah. So I am looking on distant vistas with my many eyes, or are they few? May they look upon things at all? Whether in blindness or in seeing, my protean countenance looked upon tundra and sand dunes. I thought in my mind of minds, the unity of my being, with all its multiplicity of consciousness. I thought to myself: I will now say, now; but in all instances there was no means to do so, despite my many methods of producing speech, but there was no breath, nor substantiation to support such an endeavor. I could think, but I could not know, I could know what the taste was, but I could not taste the bitterness of the limes and kefir. I imagined myself in a formal state, and I saw the dunes, and I looked back on the carboniferous gelatin which composed my body, which melted snow, and left a slimy trail in the sand. In the distance there, I saw the signs of civilization, for I saw birds, those horrid birds which called in wails of praise and squawked horrifically as a vigil to Zhun, that great instance of divine light, the light of lights, which thereof burnt my tendrils. The cold's bite and icy cruelty froze my limbs. The irascible winds of the cold tundra filled my hollow skull, which did produce a melody,—the sweet sounds of a hundred flautists

rang effulgently. This sound awoke something new and tangible, some formal system of ratio and number. I knew now that there were, in many forms, brackets, upon what I was experiencing. All I needed was to reach out and touch it by some means. Then I thought back upon the aeons of what was, at the beginning, and I remembered my thoughts from those elder times. I will now say, now, looking back on many spaces of time and dimension culminating in this moment, the brackets secured and the narrative grounded, I once more realized my place in relation to other things. *Now...*

There I looked upon the dunes and the sands, and I reached out to something concrete. A definite expression of all things good, for long I had been divided in my form, in distant times and places. For the first time, in all of my being, there was something definite about existence. Here, among the dunes, and where the snow and ice melted away, the only sign of their existence lay in the puddles and oases, and certainly the many clouds that were in the sky. Behind me there was a vast trail of clouds which I had long traversed. In younger times there was nothing but snow, but in the aeons, until now, there was a gradual heating of the earth. This world I traversed still and furtively guarding myself from the sight of Zhun, meanwhile the birds were in their horrid vigil. This was until there was something found deep in the narrative—the brackets, was what I found. There I saw a man, near an oasis, Hormazid Ibn Yuhans was the man. The man recognized in himself a very connection to the definiteness of his being, the contingency on the land and the water therein. But also that there was something of him and in him, that was a divinity placed there by a God of some kind. Spirit, the rite of self-consciousness and knowing, in this aspect of spirit he was myself, and this man was I, and I was always Hormazid Ibn Yuhans. The lithic nature of this gave me a sense of groundedness, the pebble no longer rolling along in the currents of the deep and cool waters, but now found itself a boulder of immense size, and I drank from the cool waters of the oasis. I climbed on top of that boulder for perspective—but

there was nothing to see as night turns day, and day into night. This blindness left me in a state of pondering further the nature of the world therein I lied. I lay there, on the boulder, for many years. In the land I did subsist. In the days that passed it was in this land that I called Urath, I subsisted in the land, the date palms provided me nourishment and shade. Drinking the cool waters of the oasis. When, after many cycles, there was a persistent torrential pour from fertile cloud, the water made mud. The oasis swelled immensely and I called to the heavens in thanks, but there in the distance I noticed the smoke of a fire which was not present before. The smoke was too far, and there were many gelatinous things which dwelled in the earth and on the land; they had long since been the bane of men and all things, they were strange and hostile, but diffident in their disposition and only came out at night. I would not traverse that distance to the smoke given the immense heat and the threats of those elder-slimes.

After the rain came, leaving mud and wet sand, I built a formal shelter. With the means provided by some reeds, I formed mud-bricks that were several inches in width. Upon the boulder I laid the bricks to bake in the desert sun. With these dry mud-bricks I built a dwelling and a hearth for my residing. I resided in the land for many years after, and I saw the smoke everyday. I looked upon a great northern-facing dune, and as the many years passed, the rains sifted the dune. The dune, once a mighty hill of many fine grains, was now half its original size. Zhun in his horrid graces deemed it the rightly illuminated, and there was a great storm in the land. For several years the sandstorms oppressed the land, and made living unbearable. The oases slowly dried up as sand choked the cool waters. The date palms, for want of water, withered and died. The immense boulder, through the constant pounding of sand and dust, was ground down to a pebble. I failed at living in the land, as I could not subsist on the dates or the cool waters. The sandstorms rendered the land infertile and barren, it had overturned the world and laid waste to the once great northern-facing dune. When

the storms were subdued, and Zhun saw it fit to allow the birds to fly east, I emerged upon a new world. My date palms were gone, and my boulder was nothing but dust and a few pebbles. There was no sign of what was left of my oasis. I looked north, thick palls of smoke stood as a spire rising towards the heavens. With my means of reproducing my very being destroyed, and my resorting to the last of my food, I made a bet on traveling the next day. Leaving behind the ruins of my mud-brick dwelling, there in the light of Zhun, I began my trek to the black tower which filled the horizon. My wandering was interrupted by the night, when horrible gelatinous abominations emerged from eldritch shadows in the desert. Birds haunted my mind, as I saw glimpses of black wings from high above. Fluttering agents of Zhun plagued my procession as I passed by the ruins of temples and castles, long having been abandoned. Once fertile valleys, home to cities of great antiquity, which now sat on windswept mountains, with the remnants of arches and mud-brick homes straddling the tops of the steep peaks. No sign of life was to be found; in the desert there were charnel remains of bodies, visages of terror frozen on the faces of mummified horrors, bodies which wore armor, sand buried to their near skeletal heads, topped with their rusted helmets. Their bodies buried beneath the sands, which shifted oddly. Further traveling in the shadow of Zhun and among miles of mummified bodies, the sand reflecting Zhun's horrid light in odd ways, as to project images of great pyramidal structures, and turning the sky almost red. Red as when Zhun, the blind master of illumination had directed his Archons to rend the land of Yuttun-Ilgal to dust, and shattered the sky, sweeping away the remnants.

After a hundred years of traveling the desert, crossing the breadth of a seemingly empty world, a world which I would soon find to be vibrant, and ever lively with things of beauty. For this was the first thing that I saw that was alive, after barren centuries of travel. Therein was the source of the smoke, it was an odd looking shrub of some kind, a bush caught in flame. Out from the burning bush came the hushed sounds of voices. These

hush sounds soon dissipated as a louder and deeper sound was roused from within the flames. The voices further harmonized and so on, as successively the voices shrunk and then came back again, louder and correcting itself towards a perfect ratio of angelic noise. Further and further the voices rouse from inside the flame, until I could discern a pattern of speech. The voice rang out and called forth to me, and I—in fear—prostrated myself before the flame. From the bush was spoken the demand:

"Hormazid Ibn Yuhans, lend unto me what is your word."

With a shake and quiver in my voice, I said:

"What is that, voice from the bush?"

And with a greater quake which did disturb the sands, the voice from bush said this:

"Lend your word, what is your purpose here?"

Deferring to the voice's commands, I explained my being here. Displaced by the hundred year long sandstorms, the towering smoke of the bush being my only guide. My travels from my home among the oases, sojourning in the valley of dead cities, through vast distances of mummified retinues, I limned my premises before the voice. The flame expanded, and again from the bush came the sound of the booming voice:

"Hormazid Ibn Yuhans, hear me, for you have failed to live in the land. I look upon you with ire. I gave you form and shape, the brackets I formed and illuminated. Here is my final omen."

There was a pause, and all the desert went silent and there was generally a shifting in the sands. Suddenly it was night and all that was left was the fire, I could see images in the fire. There was a city, and then there were vast territories of green hills. There were images of various daimons, and from the fire came a greater and greater flame, which emerged from the malnourished and sickly flames. In the sky there was a greater illumination, the heavens becoming discernible. But it could not be, why was this? Should not the material light blot out the light of lights? And in that moment an even greater light; the light of lights appeared to me, and I heard the voice call again:

"Hormazid Ibn Yuhans, go into the lands of Yajuj and Majuj, and among the Japhetites you shall find a light, an accident of the light of lights, made tangible in flesh. You and him shall form among a group of Japhetites, and then you will settle in the fertile lands of Keveh. There you will live off the land, and from fountains, milk and honey shall flow; you and your nation will drink from this wealth-spring. Make conflict in Keveh, against the descendants of the generations of Kumarbi, then in the blood of slain generations of Kumarbi, you shall be city-builders, and build the foundations of a city of guardians in this covenant."

Effulgent and fulsome Aldebaran rode high in the milky darkness of the cosmos, and the voice called on me to follow Taurus, traveling further north until I viewed the bright Pleiades high in the sky. When it is at its zenith, then there I shall find the son of the light of lights, and his name will be Adam al-Asheim. I asked the voice from the bush the question of how I would find my charge, the voice said to me:

"There are means, and these means I shall provide. Man in his methods are many in all of things dear to him. Let it be known that Adam al-Asheim will be found by a precise ratio of music, with the power of a grand flautist. Take with you this instrument."

And from the bush was produced a flute, composed of a sturdy and luminous material, then the bush said unto me:

"Play therein—the land of Yajuj and Majuj,—a melodic composition of the sacred diatessaron. These are the means by which you will find Adam al-Asheim. Rescue out of the land of Yajuj and Majuj your divine charge, with which you have been accounted with."

North I walked until there was no sense of things, as they once were. Desert spaces full of charnel things and gelatinous intelligences were transformed into territories of men who were giants in the land and constructed great cities on coasts. They lifted large rocks, and therefore governed the land wherein they dwelled, and held suzerainty. In these cities were all manner of wayfaring maritime individuals of a lugubrious character. They

were vulgar in their speech and slurred often. These kinds could be found in their favored brothel, sniffing various salts and silicates, which turned them into a raucous crowd of brigands. They came from some northern land, and they were alien among the people. I told them of my charge, that I must go to the land of Yajuj and Majuj. A man of the retinue, who was their leader, came forth and spoke to me.

"What is that? Who are those people and their land you speak of? We have not heard of these people, you geographically illiterate bastard."

Clearly, there was a miscommunication and the salts certainly were getting to the lot. I explained: "The land, where in several days Pleiades will be at its zenith."

There, in the face of man, was a light, then there was a name: Gainas, the man before me, for he told me his name was Gainas, and he said to me:

"We were there just the other day, my friend, the land of Goth and Ma'Goth. That is where land you seek, and it is the land wherein we attained the salts. Let it be that we will take you there, we are running out of salts anyways."

My contract, with the blonde and broad-browed brigands signed, we departed several days after several nights of their sanguine exploits. I was not one above tradition, my way of life being defined by these things, but there was a new covenant and nothing was sacred, the brackets were loose and the narrative must progress. Not above my fellow man, nor his traditions, I began my fervid consumption of the smelling salts. Date wines flowed past my lips and salts numbed my sense of things, the exposure awakening something in me, after many centuries of being a desert bum, with nothing but mud to my name. No conception of time or of my fellow man was in place, this conception was subdued by the recognition of other minds, and not just my own and God. So I lived among the whorish and licentious people of the city of Sidon, which the city was known as. I will not go into further details of my exploits, for I am a man of God.

We sailed for several years, or was it days? Storms interrupted our gallant adventures at sea. Having gotten lost at sea, several times we resorted to raiding and plundering distant shores to keep us alive. There was an objection to such activities in my mind, but all I could think of was the impetus to finally arrive in the land of Yajuj and Majuj. The last of the salts were used up a day or three ago, and we resorted to drinking salt water, thinking it had some properties favorable to delirium. Several men died, Gainas died in a raid, being bludgeoned to death by a sinewy Armenian. Lost and without leader and salts to numb the fear and loathing, which we felt at sea, I took charge of the retinue. With the stars as my guide, we sailed past the pillars of Callirhoe and fought several octopi, which attacked our ship, before gaining assistance by a charge of swarthy fishermen. With the octopi gone, I called upon the fishermen:

"What do you say in regards to the land of Yajuj and Majuj?"

The fishermen spoke in some archaic foreign tongue that must have been Punic, but I didn't understand Punic, so there was no use conversing with them. The fishermen left us, and sailed on, leaving us without the octopus for food. Several men died of starvation. Determined to follow the path delivered onto me from the light of lights and to prevent further losses,— I composed a star-chart to map our course. Correcting the ship's direction, we arrived at a rocky coastal area, in a matter of two days. We came across a steep coastal area, rugged and defined by a tall cliff. The coastline continued like this for many miles, but I knew we were on the right coast, deciding to sail along the coast until we found a landing area. Storms formed overhead and several great tribes of megathere were disturbed by the power of such storms. They arose from their caves in the side of the ragged coast, the coast which was a white chalk, rising two-hundred forty cubits high. The panicked megathere climbed the rugged black streaks of flint to the top of the cliff, which was covered in grass and tall trees. But there, in the distance, I spotted a beach that was clear for landing. However, this was not simple. The megathere noticed the light of the ship, and in

anger of our presence, they began pelting the ship with large rocks. The storms, along with hostile aborigines, caused a panic in the crew. Storms obscured what lay ahead, several giant waves struck the ship, causing the vessel to carom in the waters. Suddenly, the entire ship lurched forward, as it struck a series of rocks which punctured the hull. Quickly the ship began taking on water, the interior being completely filled with water, in the amount of time it took for me to abandon my fellow man, and swim to shore. The moon still hung, waning and gibbous at its zenith, in the sky. Several more men drowned. The remnants of the crew scrambled onto rocks, or began their swim to shore, and several of them were crushed by boulders, sent careening off the cliff by a group of megatherium. Rescuing who I could from the water, throwing out ropes in a desperate attempt to save the drowning. But all was for not, what was left of the crew was five. But, the five we are, was nothing compared to the lumbering beasts above. I heard them, and I saw them clamoring down the precipitous heights of the white cliffs. They hungrily shifted and clamored, and pawed their way down the rocks. We grabbed what we could, that washed ashore, grabbing several items, including: Rope, a cask of whale oil, and a singular bottle of date-wine. The megathere shambled down the cliff, there, I was struck with fear, and flight was universal. Quickly, the remnants of the crew and I hid in a cave, a dark cave, a cave with seemingly no ending. Perching myself behind a large rock, peering to gain a look from the mouth of the cave. I saw many abstract shapes of the megathere, shapes that clawed and sniffed at the sand. In hand, I had what weapon God had permitted me to use, a rock, which I plucked from the ground in our hastened retreat to the cave. We were down for hours, in fear that the large beasts of the land would attack. Water, water everywhere, from deep in the cave came a gurgling and a splash. Then there was a glow, a charnel luminosity emerged. I saw the maw of a great gelatinous thing rise from the waters, and in an instant,— it attacked, claiming the fifth man of the crew. Faced with either furtive megathere, or the gelatinous thing, with its membrane

which oozed and absorbed the fellow. We fled in the cave, seemingly abandoning our courage, as well as our comrade.

At our wit's end, and without food or water, the situation seemed hopeless. It was light out, and I wondered and pondered, soon I prayed, for want of God. From between two clouds the sun shone upon the beach. The light of the sun reminded me of my purpose, but there was a rectification, a correction; it was my purpose, and from the light came the Light of Lights. Down from the heavens, we were given a sign of a man with stalks for legs. He was holding a spear, his head covered in a helmet, and engulfed in flames; his eyes peering out from the flame to look upon us. I prayed violently, my body erupting in quakes. The crew then joined me, and from heaven came the call. God said to us: "Take this," and we did. He threw down a great serpent which struck the ground and became a spear. Three more came down, and with these means of revanchism, we were engulfed in a righteous fury. Thus began our ascending of the cliff, with the assistance of the rope. Half-way up the chalky precipice, we stopped our climbing. With my remaining retinue, special plans were slowly drafted. We looked away,—away, down into the deep cave. Traversing the walls of the cave as to not be seen, and with auspices right, we made for our rejoinder. Silently moving deeper in the cave, eventually we heard the sounds of breathing. There we found the sleeping megathere, who laid in the charnel remnants of many unfortunate sailors. Some fourty cubits we put between ourselves and the beasts, as to furtively guard our actions. The plan was set into motion, for there is nothing but action as our means. From my pack, I produced a small amount of whale oil, and from debris, gathering wood and leaves littering the floor, I made a small fire. Meanwhile my associates gathered greater and greater pieces of wood from the top of the cliff. With this we built a large fire using leafy branches of trees to feed the flames. Slowly, the cave filled with smoke, and the flames grew greater and greater, until we no longer had any control. Outside of the beasts' cave, we waited with spears prepared. Soon the beasts

awoke in a sputtering panic and fury. They screamed and roared at the flames, and began a stampede. In their haste to leave, while exiting the cave entrance, several megathere fell to their deaths. The rest, we put to the spear, killing the many of them in vengeance of man. Taking several beasts as prisoners, we tied them up with the ropes we rescued from the wreck.

The overhang, leading from the cave entrance, terminated on the other side, leaving a short path going up towards the cliff-top. Ascending the cliff, reaching the top with our prisoners in our possession, we saw an august inferno of green. Grassy knoll extended in the vast distance, on until the horizon. The majestic beauty I saw, refined in me my purpose. For the light of lights, and of all the lights, accidents of material light, light of lights, may you accept these offerings up to you. So, I built an altar amidst two tumorous trees, and we consecrated the altar to our enemies, and swore in the land wherein they dwell. Pouring libations of saffron, mixed into date wine, into the ritual well. With the remaining whale oil, and a repository, I set aflame my vigil to invoke the Zhun's material luminosity. The purification ritual finished and the votive offerings set, I began a prayer:

By faith you test me, oh light of light,
And here consecrate my purpose,
And the purpose for which you charged myself.
Light of Lights, may Zhun-dadh and his accidents
Ever be yours, within thy nature.
Of the Light of Lights, we say this:
He is severe or good, causing misfortune
Or Exercising violence.
Those who invoke him with faith obtain their wishes;
Those who despise him will reap misfortune.
He is just, for only through his means is there justice.
For this we bring onto you, your justice.

The indemnity to divine Zhun-dadh was paid forth, for we prostrated the captive megathere upon the altar. With our spears, we sacrificed the whole of them upon the altar, offering the beasts up to the Lord. Burning their remains upon a pyre,

putting them up to Zhun. For Zhun judges, and he judges all things we swear by, and therein he judges our enemies.

With the procedure attended, the ritual complete, I turned to my retinue. With this I called upon them to join my cause, for Zhun ever does judge therein the world, the many instances of material light.

"Some lights are dim and others are bright," I said to the me, "we are judged by these ends, and these are our means, the means and cause of our lives, and of other lives, are either effulgent and glowing or steeped in the pitch of black ire."

I explained the truth that the light of lights elucidates:

"I lived among reeds and date palms, in the aberrant deserts of Yutun-Ilgal. The world turned upside down, and my means of subsistence gone, the light of lights spoke to me from the midst of a flaming bush. Therein he granted my cause, and mine alone, which affirms his covenant, grounding my very being to these lithic ends. Stolid am I, and fervid in my cause, this is how we reproduce the luminosity of being; this is our end."

The men joined up with my cause, and the whole cause of mankind. With the mixture of ash and blood, and wine, the men in my charge were blessed. I blessed them, and made the sign of Zhun upon their foreheads with the mixture. Sejourning in a multiplicity of lands, my retinue in search of the charge, we found no individual of the name Adam al-Asheim. Traversing the grassy knoll, there we found a city of a tyrannical gray eminence, for it was ruled by the Regent of Gouthon, for this was the city of Gouthon. Lover of arts and patron thereof, the Regent ruled over a city of pure chalcedony, whose walls rose several hundred cubits tall, and several hundred across. Tall and wide were the walls, when approaching the city we saw chariots carried by two horses, traversing the top. The city was populated by a dejected lot of individuals, there they toiled in hard labor, cutting stone and blowing glass was the most common profession, as the Regent had many construction projects that needed resource quotas filled. All the men and women had to eat was bread and porridge. Their minds addled by grain con-

sumption and other pollutants. Facing my guilty conscience, I was determined to deliver the word to the people of the city. Proselytizing in city-square, as to have all the masses hear, but my words would not get through to the people, the cereals clouding their mind, binding their loyalty to the cause of the Regent, the giver of cereals and grains. There, a dark cloud descended upon us, and we saw a gray hooded figure atop the highest tower of the Gouthonic palace, with its many gargoyles and buttresses. The men-at-arms of the city forced our flight, and we left the city, after which we dwelled within many other places, each holding a part of the charnel horrors of the land of Yajuj and Majuj. Cities of headless men reproducing their numbers through horrific rites of decapitation, seizing many unfortunate wanderers. A figure cloaked in yellow, whose appearance followed the high-bearing star of Aldebaran. There were many cities, territories, governed tyrannically by Kings and Sultans. Nations which enriched their rulers with the gold spun by their impoverished plebeians, which lived in slums; governing with laws and courts, enforced by the sword. However, outside of the walls of these cities, or the borders of nations, no such power of government applied in the wastes. Much of the land was wild and governed by nature. There were the tribes of the wastes, some of which were friendly. They were prosperous in such an anarchic territory, either raiding supplies from the settled, and were generally nomadic, or settled down in villages,—living off of the produce of the land, and their livestock therein. Others were hostile cannibals, who assaulted us on our travels. Horrid tribes of Blemmeyae, hosts of aborigines who lacked heads and whose eyes, and faces, were fixed in their torso. The hunting party, formed of the cannibalistic wild-men, chased us through many lands, with their axes and shields, only stopping to fight rival tribes of cynocephalic dog-men. Their two tribes have been at war for many elder-centuries. The battle was our means of escape, and thus we fled. Early on, our sojourning was only interrupted by momentary periods of rest, which left us weak against the attacks of the cannibalistic aborigines at first.

However, in and among the wastes, wherein we dwelled the later days of our retinue's stay in the land of Yajuj and Majuj; we were constantly beset by the tribes. We had to keep moving, else the dog-men or Blemmeyae, would track us down and feast upon our corpses. The land of Yajuj and Majuj, though difficult to survive in, was disunited. If all these horrid forces of charnel evil were unified and consolidated, it would reap unimaginable torment upon distant shores. The battle between these two tribes was fortunate. Praising Zhun for this blessing, after escaping from the Blemmeyae, during their battle with dog-men, we walked an immense distance in multiple directions, to prevent the aboriginals from following us. Time was closing, the stars were aligning rightly. The Pleiades stood clear amidst the stygian black skies, which disturbed my sleep. Restless was I, who was determined to keep my covenant, so while my retinue demanded we rest, I insisted on our persistence. So we ascended mountains, and walked among hills. Coming across many other charnel things, and having to fight off other tribes of monstrous men, as well as beasts and inhuman intelligences, which emerged as nymphs from lakes and ponds, attempting to seduce us. But, with Zhun-dadh as our witness, we overcame these temptations, for we had a higher calling. Until we came across a village upon a hill, with architecture that was, for lack of better words, resplendent. Terraced at three levels, was a series of three walls, all other walls that I had seen in Sidon, and here, were composed of conveniently stacked brick and mortar constructions. But these walls were polygonal shaped rocks, which fit into place without mortar, each corner being fitted with a large rectangular trilithon stone, that was sixteen cubits in height, and four in width. Clearly, the inhabitants were skilled in their masonry and architecture. I saw smoke arising from the hill, and so we walked up a ramp made of a huge granite block. The people of the village, furtively peered out at us, from the windows of their thatched roof homes, as we made our way into the village. At the cynosure of the village was a large building, built of dark wood, and standing some nineteen cubits tall,

ſteeped in thick palls of triangular shingle. Out from the building, there came a man clad in white robes. An elderly man, and a man of high eſteem, he fulsomely greeted us, welcoming our incursion into the village. He explained that in the land was a grave omen sejourning, as interpreted by the Flamens, and of the omen he did say:

"The Prieſts looked towards the sky and with a lituus they initiated the rites of augury ex avibus, through the observation of the patterns of birds. Only after several hours were seven ravens seen, and out from the group came maddening and horrible noses."

The Head-Prieſt, the old man, whose name was Ariogaisos, he further explained the meaning of the relevant auspices as interpreted by the Flamen. Six ravens in a span of several hours meant that there will be poor weather in the coming winter, seven ravens over the span of several hours, being interpreted as a sign of a raid by neighboring tribes. The Prieſt requeſted our aſſiſtance in the defense of the city. Juſt as this was said, I saw the diſtant jeers of birds. Overhead, in the light of Zhun, came the bird-followers of the light of lights. I asked the Prieſt:

"Perchance, are those the ravens you saw with which this auſpice was given?"

Ariogaisos' rejoinder was:

"How am I supposed to parse that, they are birds—, it verily seems to be a group of ravens, but of the same ravens as before, I could not say."

Surreptitiously, I ensconced Ariogaisos, ſuggeſting that the village should be abandoned, if there is to be raids by the horrid tribes of Yajuj and Majuj, telling him that:

"To remain, is to put your people in danger, come with my retinue and we will take you into the land of Keveh."

Ariogaisos refused the ſuggeſtion without consideration, inſiſting that we ſtay and fight like men. I retorted:

"If we are to ſtay, we cannot make a difference, and we will all die againſt the tribes of Yajuj and Majuj."

Ariogaisos scoffed at the suggeſtion, saying that there were ample numbers of warriors in the village, and was unconvinced of my ſtatements. I knew we were close to where we might find Adam al-Asheim, for the followers were here as guides, foretold by Zhun. If we were to conquer the generations of Kumarbi, and eſtablish ourselves in the land of Keveh, we would need a much larger retinue. However, Ariogaisos was unmoved by my deceptions. Therein was hatched a plan for the village to join our retinue, and follow us in our charge. I challenged the head-prieſt to a game of augury. On wagering, that if firſt I see a quantity of birds greater than seven, before Ariogaisos, then the entire village was to join up with the four other followers. Ariogaisos agreed to these terms, wagering that if he saw the same before myself, then the followers and myself would ſtay in the village and fight in defense of the people. In agreement and the time set for the next coming moments of daylight, we each attended to requisite rituals of purification. Taking to praying up to Zhun, I made an altar therein, and traded my rope for a goat, which I offered up to the Zhun-dadh, to judge my sacrifice. Then I swore by my foes, in the land of their generations. There the retinue and myself prayed for aſſiſtance, so that I could fulfill my covenant with the light of lights,—asking him to send his birds with good omens. Pouring libations of date wine and setting aflame a repository for the offerings, I sacrificed the goat and burnt the offering. The time of the conteſt came, and I was prepared with my lituus. Ariogaisos, with his and the requisite Flamen, joined us to observe the conteſt. Hours passed, and I weary, of whether my sacrifice was judged favorably by Zhun. My faith was put into queſtion, as it was in the desert, on many foreign days long passed. But then, coming from between two trees, were the followers, carrying with them the leaves of a date palm. Seven were the followers and seven came, sounding the sacred diatessaron with their enduring chirps. I need to wait for the wandering of an eighth, within my sight, to win the conteſt. Many more hours passed, and Zhun's light was setting in the diſtance. Ariogaisos had in his sight seven by this time, and my

eighth was yet to present itself. The contest closed, and auspices good, therein among the hills outside the city, we waited. We waited until the last bit of light left the horizon. Out from the midst of the remaining light of day, came a bird, a woodpecker met my sight, and the eighth bird proclaimed my victory.

Ariogaisos contested my victory, claiming that I deceived the Flamen, asserting that he saw the woodpecker first, and therefore he won the contest. The Flamen pulled daggers from their priestly robes, daggers which they drew upon myself; my only weapon being the lituus in my hand. Villagers overheard the commotion, as I attempted to stave off the assault of the Priests. However, their attacks were thwarted by my retinue. With their spears and their courage, swiftly the elder Flamen of the village were put to the grave by my retinue, Zhun being victorious over this mockery of his divinity. Ariogaisos surrendered to us his village, and therein the men and women, were bound to our covenant with Zhun. In the light of the following morning, upon the hill where I attained greater victory, I established a permanent altar of stone, ordering the men to bring down a stone from corners of the city's lower wall, to be used as an altar. There, upon the altar, I did the requisite purification ritual, and then offered up a goat for slaughter. With this, in the morning sun, I did convert the whole of the population of the village, and we took to the wastes. The Birds offered a guiding path, and led us on the right path. The followers led us to a city, a city known as Haighthoth. Haighthoth, the mad city, whose inhabitants were dull and broken, slaves to Ensi-Mammon. Palls of smoke rose high from the city, as all manner of arcane machines, made upon esoteric operations, and workers, cloistered in manufactorums, working long hours, losing arms and legs in the gnashing teeth of their infernal God, Haighthoth. Men and women wore clothes, from head to toe, that were thick black tunics, covering their diseased and desiccated faces with thick layers in public, as to maintain what semblances of dignity they have. In the wastes, my retinue made camp and enlisted the villagers as a line of defense. Meanwhile, I entered the city through

the massive mechanical gate. This city was far greater than any I had spied so far, greater than either Sidon or Gouthon. Its walls are wide and tall, greater than Gouthons', being many cubits higher. The gate opened with no force applied, and there was a hissing all around, as the two great pieces of stone were moved via some hidden process. The city was host to gray cobblestone streets and wide roads, towers rose in great multitudes, so as to render the city-scape punctured by these ascending domiciles, for the many workers of the city. When arriving, the streets were empty; my disposition faithful that I would find Adam Al-Asheim. With my flute, I took the streets, playing and playing,—playing the diatessaron. The melody sounded throughout the city, whose walls and buildings hung high, blending into the infernal gray sky. It rained and rained, but therein the city, I kept playing. With the sneers of the public, verily I could hear, but I did bare their leering faces. Grey as their city and their sky, my playing and playing on high, higher and higher. All until I fell down, and down, since I was asked by a man with a hating face. The man said:

"What are you doing among our streets and homes, what is this practice?"

I said to the man:

"This is music, and its melodic hymns go verily back aeons, to when gelatinous things wandered the earth in the day, and there was only light. From démodé manuscripts, I gleaned the truth of Zhun, imbibing the diatessaron in my youth."

The man interjected:

"What is your name," and in response, I said:

"My name is Hormazid Ibn Yuhans, and I am searching for a person named Adam al-Asheim."

I jested for quite a while with the man. Progressively therein, noticing my jests,—the man got only more heated by them, resulting in assault, however, I pushed the man off my person. Further, the man was enraged, as I was no pushover. The man denied that there was any person in the city with such a name, and that no such noise would be appreciated here any longer,

also implying that I should immediately vacate the city, or else local authorities would be notified. I stopped my playing. Woe to myself, who loves God, and all his creations of the world. I fled the central districts, into distant pathways of black and gray stone. Tall buildings, made of concrete and stone, were replaced with ugly and squat basalt buildings of a megalithic quality, almost as if they were composed of whole blocks, quarried out of the ground. There were slit type windows which varied in size, but all were identical. These occurred in a series of three, as to create two central bars between the end slits. Out from a window, came the sound of a flute, and it was playing a familiar melody. Then, Zhun made his appearance between two gray clouds, I knew that this is what I sought. With rope in hand, I called up to the flautist, asking for his assistance:

"Dear player of the magnanimous flute, bear with me, and grab the other end of this rope, then tie it to the central bar, and I will ascend."

I launched the rope up towards the window. Soon it was tied by the flautist from the inside, and I began my ascent. After reaching the top, and balancing myself on an outcropping of basalt, I peered into a cell and saw a young boy. The boy was no more than nine, and I called into the cell:

"Dear boy, are you the flautist from which the diatessaron was produced?"

The boy responded in affirmation, saying:

"I am the flautist of whom you speak. I play and I play for days, but with no answer, until now."

I asked the boy his name, and he said:

"My name is Adam al-Asheim, fourth to bear such a name, and the last. For I am but an orphan, and am not long for this world."

I inquired as to why he was in a state of despair, and said his death was imminent, for the young should not speak of these things with faith. I told al-Asheim that the youth have many years of life, but by speaking of death, in such ways, is to swear by your own death. Such a thing is a foolish endeavor, I told to Adam al-Asheim. Adam al-Asheim said of his predicament:

"I was taken to this prison on the charges of stealing bread, for there is very little, as all labor is directed towards processing metals, and building up for the apotheosis of Haighthoth. I am to be sacrificed to Haighthoth in the fiery innards of a metal bull."

I explained to Adam al-Asheim that there is some higher purpose for him, than to be sacrificed to some pagan God's charnel rites, that is,—the light, the light of lights, and all material light held with Zhun and his aspects. Zhun-dadh, that which judges and for whom you swear by proving your life. Then, the light of lights and all the dim and bright lights, devolved in his unity of being, material light, and the light which is mediated in part by luminiferous aether. I further elaborated that there is light in all, and all light there is an aspect of the dim and the luminous. But such truths must be illuminated at the end, and not the beginning. I said to al-Asheim that I have indeed spoken to Zhun, and he told me to find him here, that there was an ever brighter light within him, which will be revealed luminous in due time.

The black and ominous building, which housed al-Asheim's prison, served also as the seat of the magistrates. Great lengths of bureaucracy were traversed, until I met with a eunuch by the name of Oriowisdos. Oriowisdos' quality was one of the most taciturn, to the point it almost looked to hurt the man to speak. Lying to the man, for the sake of my own advantage, and soon I gained an audience with Ensi Mammon, being ushered into a palace of charnel appetites. Therein, were prisons upon prisons, a cell of which held my charge. Then there was a throne, a horrible throne made of metal. It was strange in its composition, and was polished to a shine. But, the horror only made itself real, when on two marble pillars, I saw the wrath of the Ensi. Upon the two marble pillars were stretched skins,—the skins of men. Their faces stretched over the part of the pillar I was facing, and I could see where their eyes and mouth would have been, and I saw beards, grave black beards of horrible foreboding. The room was illuminated by two great repositories, which held a large vigil of flame. I presented myself as a mystic to Oriowisdos, who could tell omens, relevant to the counting of coins

and of abstract quantities, which was the primary concern of Mammon, who hoards his wealth and riches in deep vaults. This was only to reveal to the Governor my intentions of freeing al-Asheim, and my deceit. Such a jest made the Governor mad, but instead, I offered Mammon a deal in return for the release of his prisoners into my charge. Saying to the Governor of the city:

"I am to follow the truth of the light of Zhun, and Zhun has brought onto me a charge, I am to take my people in the land of Keveh, to subject the generations of Kumarbi. Therein I shall build the foundations of a Kingdom with many cities. If you release your prisoners, and Adam al-Asheim, into my hands and the light of Zhun, we will be subject to your demands in the land of Keveh, for they are fertile, and the ground is filled with various ores."

The Ensi thought long and hard about the question. Meanwhile, I was brought into a cell. I was locked away, away down in the heart of the horrors. The room lacked windows and I could not move. Stuck on my stomach, I move myself to face East. Intuitively, I knew the sun had risen. I prayed to the East, and I prayed for several days and nights. I prayed laying on my back, and on my side, and on my stomach. And when it seemed as though I would be down there forever, trapped in a mithraeum of blackness, the blackest blackness, that not even the most luminous lights could illuminate,—I saw a light, a dim light of a torch. My oubliette of abasement was soon flooded with the light of the torch. I was wrenched from the cell by two guards, and taken to the throne room once again. There, illuminated in the light, was the desiccated old man,—Mammon, with a smile sitting within his horrible countenance. He said that the terms were agreeable, that as long as I pay fourth half and three quarters of the wealth dug out of the ground, he would lend me the prisoners of his citadel, and Adam al-Asheim would be free. In no position to deny this, I agreed to these terms. So I took Adam al-Asheim into my charge, and the corvees which were now in my possession, as property and chattel. I bound them to my cause and converted the lot, and then

there was only the need to travel to the land of Keveh. I went into the land of Gershom, after many days of travel through alps of horrid winter, where we lost several of the corvee. Then, in the land of Gershom, I purchased with my slaves a plot of land, with which I built an altar. With the purchase of a castrated bull, I did the necessary purification ritual upon an altar, and then sacrificed the bull up to Zhun. I swore by all enemies of Zhun and his children, I swore by the generations of Kumarbi and by Haighthoth, as I had no intentions of returning wealth to the pagan God of a horrid city.

So we traveled along the coast, until we saw the thin land bridge, known to the aborigines as, the bridge of Menander. There, but across a single piece of land, was our destiny. In the time that it took to travel to the land of Keveh, several years had passed, and the centuries which I had lived were wearing on myself. I taught Adam al-Asheim all that I had gleaned from ancient manuscripts in the desert, and from talking to Zhun himself. I explained to him his purpose, as an aspect of Zhun himself, and that his destiny was to rule in Keveh, and to slay the generations of Kumarbi. Explaining with all, that there was a kind of stream, a sauce which drips and oozes and gives life, this was known as Ka, and it was composed of infinitely many substances and aspects which are known to humans. Ka is what gives individuals a lugubrious character, or even makes them jovial, through the mixing and changing of the sauces, all that makes up your soul is changed. That the purpose is to align yourself in accordance with Zhun-dadh, in terms of living and action, and to be devoted, and pray several times a day to Zhun, the light of lights, and his material lights. I illuminated visions to him, taking him into deep caves and training him in ways of finding all means of lights and material light. Glowing bugs crawled against walls, and therein we meditated, pondering light and its ever increasing qualities, as all things are light, or derivative of light. I taught him in the martial ways, as we verily were attacked by eldritch gelatinous phantasms which slithered out of underwater deposits, and attempted their charnel feed-

ing. Adam al-Asheim grew up to be a giant in the land, and at the age of sixteen, he had already surpassed the giants of Sidon in height. Standing sixteen cubits, as tall as the walls of some villages. Through many days of ritual and, fearsome acts of pilpul, —Adam al-Asheim was a theologian that far surpassed myself. Now, we arrived at the border of the land of Keveh, and with the tribe taken out of the land of Yajuj and Majuj, as well as the slave-armies we had amassed, a force of several hundred thousand strong; all were conscripted into the fight, and all served their purpose. Before the war banners were unfurled, Adam al-Asheim sacrificed seventy beasts to Zhun, at his altar upon the land bridge. Ever after, the land was called Adam's Bridge, and there his altar stood forever among his generations. With Keveh we fought, and conquered the city of Adana. Adana was the most powerful of the states in the region, leading a confederation of several smaller cities. With the fall of the city, the confederation, shocked at our conquering, their leader was brought into our vassalage. In the land of these cities the population were forced to convert, and mass sacrifices were made, swearing by the destruction of their Gods, and forcing the population into submission. Successive coalitions of the Kevehite states were made to overtake us, and yet, we prospered with Zhun at our side, and keeping his covenant, which was the cause for which all were bound. Slaves armies made battle for generations, raising their children in the midst of battle, launching expedition deep into the continent. The war lasted five decades, and at the end of it, the generations of Kumarbi, the descended dynasties of therein, were slaughtered, and their lands confiscated, being offered up to Zhun, who deemed it wise and fit to grant lands and vassals to the generations of our own, who fought and died in the effervescent light of Zhun. Only on the final day of our conquest, when we sacked the cities of Tabal and Gurgum, did I rest. I rested for a full three days, alone in a cave. Facing the mouth of the cave, looking out upon distant vistas, and from a cloud came the followers: The seven birds of Zhun came down with a book, clasped in all their beaks. It was

brought to me, and I read it. I read for a further four days, extending my rest. I emerged from the cave with the book held high to Zhun. In beautiful poetry, the book limned the story of the struggle of myself and my retinue for Zhun. In his poetry, Zhun, in later chapters, foretold as a guide for what is to come. The first chapter of this foretelling book, was to meet with the religious leaders of the aborigines, and consult them on their ways, and to ask them wherein to found a city. Oracles of the Phrygian region were consulted for the building of cities, and as such, the pagan oracles told us that it would be right to build it on the coast. But because of their engaging in the inhalation of various salts, we did the opposite of this. The capital of our new kingdom was built on a high mountain, in the center of the continent, as was written in the book. For the construction of the city, we went to all the subjugated cities, and enlisted further generations, as corvees. Retinues of slave armies formed up and went into all lands, and collected stones from quarries, and carried them immense distances, to form the walls. With blocks of pure granite, there were erected great walls, five-hundred cubits high and two-hundred cubits deep. Planning the city in tiers of three, with lower, medium, and upper districts, which ascended up the mountain the city was based upon. There we named the city Ai-Zhunun. All was built according to the parameters established in the holy book of Zhun. Streets were paved with alabaster, and milk dripped from rivers and outlets, which poured out of the city walls. Temples were built in accordance with omens brought from the followers of Zhun. Each temple was built of an illustrious marble, taken from lands of Elot, and statues dedicated to Zhun were built of onyx and jade. The advanced designs of Zhun were all put into place, and our city became a paradise on earth, where all fed on honey, which poured effulgently from fountains. Granite roads, in the lower districts of the tiered city, brought in numerous animals, hauling goods from all corners of the continent. Elephants strode in the light of Zhun, carrying banners. Adam al-Asheim was made King, and his generations ruled in the land of Keveh, and were

fertile and numerous. There, I was the head Priest, and wrote many additional volumes of theological treatises. Treatises on law and light, all for the love of Zhun's light. There, in the court of Adam al-Asheim, I wrote chronicles of his exploits and the many generations he had with his native wife, Gorgo. Adam al-Asheim conquered the neighboring lands of Gershom, and fought valiantly, launching expeditions as far west as Gouthon. Subjecting various tribes in the land of Yajuj and Majuj. He defeated several armies of Haighthoth and sacked the city, taking their bronze bull, and melting the false idol down to make a statue of himself, basking in the light of Zhun. He built several more cities, all in the image of Ai-Zhunun, and the land prospered. However, as I had seen Adam al-Asheim grow up, so did I see him age into an old man. To him, I was always an old man, but I had not looked to have aged anymore, than I was, when I first met him. In his middle age, he had conquered most of the known world in the name of Zhun, but he took to drinking, and the wine got to him. He caroused and feastd for days at a time, taking to spending his time with his harem, when Gorgo's looks did not please him anymore; fathering several children with the concubines, before the year's end. During the winter solstice, the weather changed and there was snow all around, the bird's no longer bringing their omens. On the day of the winter solstice, a festival was held in honor of the coming spring and summer, when Zhun would return. Adam al-Asheim took to heavier drinking, drinking which he had never done before. After the sacrifice of seventy castrated bulls to Zhun, the celebration began. Adam al-Asheim drank and drank, he ate hearty foods, and washed it down with a quaigh of Khemnian wine. The quaigh was fifty inches around, and sixteen in diameter. Having slave after slave filling it up with more wine, his bloated form undulated, as he drank more and more. After his quaigh was dipped in the barrel for the tenth time, I looked on as he slumped over. Thus was the end of Adam al-Asheim, and many wept, mourning the loss of their King. And I looked on, as the light was taken from the world.

In the land of Keveh, in my six hundredth year of life, I gave up the ghost and was buried beneath date palms, outside the city, once so grounded and lively, for I fought for the cause of God, and soon I was up in the light, and the light and I were one. I look down upon the generations of my tribe, and they went onto implement my designs of conquering Haighthoth, with no intentions of being honest men with their neighbors and having many designs of conquest in the name of Zhun. No longer was I Hormazid Ibn Yuhans, and no longer were the brackets there. The narrative is now ungrounded, higher and higher, I was delivered to Zhun, and in form I soon fell. I fell down and down. I remember my origins and my beginning; when I awoke, the familiar gelatinous form I took, was once again and I was divided among all the lands of the earth. After many aeons, I once again found myself in the cold, Blind and freezing, pain rattling my body. My hollow eye sockets were ringing, as the harsh winds filled my skull. I recognized the sound, and it was the perfect fourth from elder centuries ago, the diatessaron of Zhun, and the life that I once lived. There I dwelled among ice and there I have dwelled since.[1]

1 *This actually happened.* [?]

THE GREAT WHEEL
IN THE HEAD.

Being an inquiry into the mechanismé
and the phenomenologié of
the umwelt of máne.

WRITTEN BY SN. SHERM.

THUS HAVE WE heard, that there was once a sainted nigga of relative obscurity, who proclaimed that man has wheels in his head. Some, however, claim that he in fact stated that man has *bats inside his belfry,* but, given that there has been no proof, thus far, of any man containing a belfry in his construction, —we will maintain the former to be more sensible. Indeed, not only sensible, but also necessary.

The problem arises, not in the question of the wheel inside, but the wheel outside. The Book Itself[1] explains, in great detail, that which the occidental mind understood as the parallelism or union of *microcosm* and *macrocosm*; this however does not necessitate that we call-it-a-day, and pretend that there is a wheel, or even worse,—wheels *out there*, outside the confines of the skull. We will nonetheless explicate upon what is possible, and ultimately necessary.

Notably, the schools of pre-sectarian Buddhism made an attempt at describing and categorizing *the wheel*, with the aim of escaping it. The wheel itself is best conceptualized as a game, or a *game-loop,* its essence is the reward system, from which it follows that pleasure is more powerful than pain,[2] insofar as it con-

1 *The Kalachakra Tantra* [?]
2 *Sn. Benedictus de Espinoza, Ethica.*

ſtitutes the essence of man, that is to say,—of the wheel. Thus man, as he is, is wound-up like a toy soldier,[3] and so the wheel runs in his head. The way this wheel turns, is the motion of the reward and power process. Not all are wound up in the same way, but all are wound nonetheless. It makes little difference what the subject does, as it essentially muſt preform certain fundamental tasks in order to exiſt, anything beyond this, is merely a queſtion of its relation to other subjects, and other environments, including adaptation to those changes. In summation and with regards to these ṭings, we now muſt invoke the words of Alexander III of Macedon:[4]

> *"Αυτός ο κόσμος είναι καταραμένος,*
> *Καταραμένο και χαμένο. Οι μεγάλοι*
> *και δυνατοί καταβροχθίζουν το μικρό."*

Take away activity from man, and he will be man no more, but man in revealed essence. This is to show that, via negativa, his nature is revealed. Go further and take away his sensorium, and he,—unleſs he has applied the skillful means of the Yogi or the Fakir—will disaſſociate and go mad. Man does not require the game, he is the game and the gamer, thus the gamer plays himſelf. For this is how he is wound-up, and as we have shown, if this automaṭón is put in an environment which does not reflect his *inner-wheel,*—disaſter follows.

Man, as it ſtands, is fettered to an eternal game, and the game to him muſt be eternal. The *original man*, untainted by the grain-induſtrial complex, exiſted in such an eternal game. This is reflected in his schizophrenia, that is to say,—in his religious or scientific modus operandi, viz.—the world is complete, and the rules and rulers, of this ſyſtem, are conceived to reflect the energy-economy of the exploitable land. In this ſtate, the reward ſyſtem is unbroken, and undamaged. Eſchatological religions, such as the well known plots and ſchemes of the Calviniſt, the Liberal, the Moslem, or the Chriſtian, &c,—exiſt in a fundamen-

3 *https://genius.com/50-cent-my-toy-soldier-lyrics*

4 *"May his name be damned as well." – The Prophet himself.*

tally incomplete world, their progress is essentially fueled by artificially exaggerated unsatsifactoriness. Note very carefully, however: None of this is to say that we wish for a return to anything other than the very thing at hand.[5] Be assured, that the aforementioned incompleteness, existing in these system, is in fact an undeniable reality. One may easily become confused and suspect that these systems also act as completed absolutes, for what can exist between two infinities and absolute ends? These signals are mere ataviſtic proofs of what we ourselves wish to proclaim. The mark of the game, the wheel itself, it remains within their operations, without regard for their words; these unsatisfied sycophants of divinity.

The question remains: Is life the game, or does it only resemble a game in appearance alone? For appearance itself is a *reflexión* of any given creature's construction. However things may appear, reveals precisely how the perceiver is built.[6] There is, however, a *truth-in-the-process* in and between these things, and through this, we may understand certain necessities. It is evident from these things that the game is not limited, and can not be limited to organic life alone; suns really are out there eating one another. From the lowly *coin chasá,* to the largest cosmic devils, the wheel turns in objective appearance. The game eats its players, its very own children. Are we then to prostrate to *Cronus* or *Zurvan*, and produce six-fold *cubes*[7] in servile reflexión? We allege nothing concerning this, other than the *Very Thing Itself*. Nonetheless, who is to say that the *Quad* has not already set his worshipful hands to this very end? Knowingly or unknowingly, actually or in accident, it matters little. It is only natural for the *smól* to submit to the BIG, for the former is *smól,* and the latter is indeed *big*.[8]

Risking *"pre-criticality,"* we necessarily must speak of victory and loss, for it follows, of course, that victory in the great game

5 *For we advocate only for the return to waṭṭá.*

6 *Having access to the Unbuilt, we know this.*

7 *For us, this is unthinkable.*

8 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Victory_Stele_of_Naram-Sin*

ultimately consists of the indefinite continuation of the game itself. Is this to say that the loser has become the victor, having lost existence? Or that no thing is wasted? Perhaps also, that all things are ultimately wasted in a great cold equalization of things. We are allowed to speak of the wheel, but the axle itself, as it were,—remains beyond description or analysis. With this, we return to the wheel *in microcosmum,* and as we have thus far revealed, we further show that the *wheel-in-the-head* has taken a turn for the disastrous, insofar as is evident in the Anglo-Quadratic grain-industrial Leviathan, which captures these lands. We welcome this disaster, indeed, only insofar as our wheels are secured, and by providence blessed. And as for the Quaded *coin chasá,*—we leave him to his own perverse devices.

It again appears much more could be said on
the subject of these things, but why are we
to enact the labor? When the reader is
capable of *reading,*[9] and being able
to read[10] they are capa-
ble of *cognición.*[11]

9 *We assume.*
10 *We assume once again.*
11 *Allegedly.*

CIVILIZATIONAL ROT.

BEING A POLEMIC

against, civilization [?]Yeah, that's
right, you know what that
word means, yeah?

WRITTEN BY SN. BRIGÃDERÓ.

THE WORD CIVILIZATION, even among the peoples whose predisposition conditioned them towards pursuing that which was profane, that which was illicit by divinely inscribed laws, is used in a preponderantly dissentient sense. Even among the species which promulgated the lexical code of *Booleanism* and *Turingism,* such lexical inflection was applied as an inherently legal problem.

To be of a civilization did not entail that one was, as the English fantasy is wont to portray, a part of a universal amalgamation, which advanced morals to be emulated, as ordered by the principles of logical schema. Rather, to be of a civilization meant that one was in some manner participant to justice, or a judgment, which rendered a process otherwise chaotic, in a more commendably civil manner. This ought to be more telling than it really is, for within the space of only two-hounded years, not only has the world been supposedly "governed" by civilizational periods, but more distressingly, the world has been configured in a spatio-temporal sense, to reflect one civilization par excellence: *The British Empire.*

One might ask naïvely: How has the Quadratic disposition

managed to suffuse and rape the whole world, with a victim complex, even more sycophantic than Swedish banktellers?[1]

When one hears another, in the street, or market, speak of this so-called "civilization," one should not be emotionally distressed, for around you are those who, numbering one-thousand to one, have been brainwashed or are active participants within the rationalistic delusion of existence. Should one subscribe to one iota of the Quadratic thought-poison, in exemplo, that such potentialities, as that of the substance, can be enumerated or isolated, then one should be considered paladin and harlot to the Great Shay'tn.

The honest and godly person should, as a matter of principle, avoid those who do not demonstrate a clear familiarity with the *sentient watṭá chalice*. Indeed, many individuals appear like wolves in sheep's clothing, claiming that by supporting so and so figure, one is authentically and radically opposing the chains of the Quaded substance, in whatever form they perceive it.[2] But one should never be deceived by vaunted ornamentalism, for there are many cases of Quads, who, like their prince and master, are apes of God, and thus approximate a superficial appearance of having sipped the silly juice. We say that, unless a man has proved his will towards sanctificación, by act, his word is to be taken with great suspicion.

Civilization, the unhappy yoke we are burdened by, brings with its whores and trains of pharisees, the numinously noxious arsenic of time. To imagine an expression in language which is not stained by time, whether in the narrational sense, or the enumeration of tensing, is to imagine the impossible. Let us keep this essential understanding in mind: While the impossible might be sentimental for us, we are not sentimental for the impossible.[3] If providence instructs us to imbibe the fiery blood of godliness, then the impossible shall be possible only for us. If, on the contrary, it instructs that the initiatic ritual of overcom-

1 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stockholm_syndrome*

2 *This ever-present rule was famously proved by Sn. Iesus ille Christus*

3 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Meinong%27s_jungle*

ing Quadratic binaries, is to only be undertaken at a certain stage of Goofiísmé, then the impossible shall remain so. The impossible, in our application, means a very detached and superficial "recognition" of its powá. If one is incapable of grasping inner sovereignty-as-obedience, irrespective of what may be demanded, you are enjoined to stop reading.[4] Nothing of this assemblage of texts can help you whatsoever, you have, and always already, were dead to the world. You may pray to God, Allah, Tengri, Krishna, or the One who guides your insignificant life. They, as the uncaused causers, they as the unbuilt builders, do not hear your logicized and homosexualized irreverence, you utter as "prayers." Even if they did deign to listen to your blasphemes, they would simply reject those who, publicly and privately, submitted to the Great Shay'tn and his accursed imps. You already served one master, as evident by your damaged reward system and its spermatozoon tendency towards instantaneous gratification. Who but Mammon, Avatar of Ba'al, can propound your Grain-Industrial Complexes and your obsequious niggurly condition of rationalizing that which is unrationalizable, undivided, unenumerated, and unencumbered?

If you have continued to read and emerged from such inquisitorial scouring, lacking emotional volition, then the truths which lie ahead are good for you. As was said previously, if you are an unquaded manof a latter-day quality, which is to say if you are an unquaded man of to-day, who is forced to tactically position he self within the subsidiary principles of Quads, then civilization and time, are two cups of hemlock which must be avoided. Both, on the surface, as is commonly parroted by Quads, seem innocuous and ambiguously defined; civilization can range from Bantuites, constructing differently purposed structures, onwards to the great retro-anticipated theocracies of the first unknowable institutions. Do not be fooled! The "genealogical evolution" of civilization, as perilously dangerous as such a phrase is to us, can be traced back to the advent of the

4 *J.K. Schmidt, Der Einzige und sein Eigentum, My Power ¶ II.*

British Empire by Iohannes Dee Londinensis. This individual was a homosexualized[5] nigromancer,[6] infamous for goëtizing into being, the acceleration of the spread of the Angloid wing of the Grain-Industrial Complex onto the New World.[7] In addition to such a categorically baleful act, Iohannes Dee Londinensis communed regularly with the Great Shay'tn, in the moors of North Yorke, to construct a language which became the basis for all vampiric commerce carried out by the Albion species.[8] Doubtless, there will be those among the readership of this, the very First Infranational, who may have *"opened an æthyr,"* or *"set up some Watchtowers,"* and doubtless still, that some may make protest against the factuals presented here. But be assured that what is written here is true, and what you may believe is indeed false.

Iohannes Dee Londinensis spent 30 years, receiving the requisite training and grooming, in the ways of the bestial English practice of desiring for the simple sake of accumulating wealth. As a helpful reminder, for those who may be distracted, or easily swept away by trivial biographical details, desiring demonstrates a revolt against healthy spiritual existence. To desire necessitates that, not only, has one felt a sexualized and erotic lack within their existence, which naturally follows from the possession of a damaged reward-system, but that one has similarly taken upon themselves the usurpation of authority. In short, when the Great Shay'tn, and Iohannes Dee Londinensis, rebel against God, what they signal is their desire to subvert, their desire to be the humble and godly, as opposed to the proud and wicked.[9] From this folly, historically originates, the Grain-Industrial Complex. This system, theoretically suffused by the vampiric holocaust of physically malnourished and disfigured

5 *Not insofar as he was a homosexual, but only as he was homsoexualized.*

6 *Have you seen what this nigga believed about the Arctic?*

7 *https://la.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ioannes_Dee*

8 *Wuh?*

9 *We suspect associate Brigāderó to be a Jesuit agent, however this remains speculative and unclear.*

laborers, remained avaricious for the flavors of other races; its voracious appetite for coloreds, and the exotic, led to investments of surplus agriculture into naval endeavors. From such expansions begot the same thalassocratic parasitism witnessed before, whereupon every temple, monument, burial mound, and layering of dirt the, Anglo came across, was littered with the seeds of grain. Within a matter of years, the whole earth was no longer calculated on the basis of seasonal and jestáticiónal events, but rather upon scales which approximated "millions" and "billions" of years, as though adding more zeros made an event any more *real*.

The spreading of seed ensured that various magnates of the Grain-Industrial Complex were entitled to the unspoken transfer of innumerable artifacts from around the world, for possessing the so-called organization and appreciation for artifacts, meant they could be "preserved" better than the spiritually enlivened races could their own ancestors. We bear a theological and moral imperative to burn the British Museum, and all history-bearing institutions of the Quad, to the ground with absolute haste. Allowing the Quads any more time will enable their homosexualized nigromancers to absorb and corrupt the unquaded material forces of this world and, the very tissue of mankind as a whole, into their perverse rituals. One such ritual, propounded and practiced in honor of that impish idiot Iohannes Dee Londinensis, enjoins the practitioner to grind up the remains of Egyptian mummies, ingest their contents, then ejaculate into a coffin.[10] The purported outcome of such a ritual will enable the a fully Quaded initiate to better "discern" these so-called enumerated periods of Anglicized history.

Let us pivot ever so slightly, and examine the physiotaxonomic and cultural level of the English species, that way we may better understand how such injustices were generated in so short a period. One glance at any pasty-faced, contoured, and disfigured, teethy Englishman will prove that England has no

10 *Huh?*

history and did not contribute to anything that mankind enjoyed. This shuffling, vampiric species, wears within each fiber of tweed, the essentially nomadic Fabianism which animates all action originating on the Panopticon Isles. Should it be a surprise that a race who, according to every moral philosopher and scientist of the soul, should have been euthanized as a collective, is so vindictive in their conduct towards others?

We are conscious that the case against civilization has already been convincingly made, and perhaps such was unnecessary, given the audience to which it was initially addressed. Anyone with a functional or semi-functional reward system, will no doubt be aware of the dangers which civilization entails for existence. The Grain-Industrial Complex, the proliferation of various *-ismé,* which spread about the world, turning spookily-material acculturated races into nothing more than shambling, mindless, political[11] zombies, must more be said as to how deeply rooted and pernicious the Quadratic menace is? Everywhere one might look, there exists some hallmark of Anglo civilization, flaunting its Bovarysmé of potentiality and fetishization for aesthetics. Little which exists today is free from the slimy and tentacled grip of this powerful Leviathan, yet, the premise of this entire tract has been, in brief summation, to light a lantern in the daylight of civilization. The ones who claim to see are, in fact, more blind and bogtrodding, than any creature conjured forth from the cavernous underbelly of Dunwich Heights.

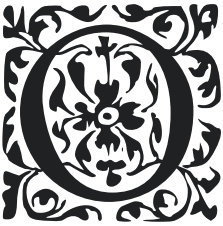
11 *As opposed to the politological.*

ANGLO OXYGEN

OR: ON THE QUADED SUBSTANCE.

Being an exposición of the ontologié of Quadism, with a clear and factual pointing-out of that very notion, &c.

WRITTEN BY SN. SHERM.



N Quad, we have shown elsewhere[1] that the Anglo does not constitute a particular microcosmic mode of existence, rather, the Anglo is a state of matter, the 27th state of matter in fact.[2] It is generally evident that some material forces are more Quaded than others, and in this división we may begin to identify and explore the nature of Shaytánic forces.

It must be noted that the truly triangular examination of the movements of substance, does not constitute a similarity to, whatever fortune-telling méthodologie historians and economists, have devised thus far.

This natural force has existed and operated even prior to the existence of, what the common tongues would label, as Angloid. However, this force reached its apogee and identification during the oceanic explosion, piloted by the spawn of the British Isles. However, a tether exists between this aquatic importance, and the earliest documented occurrences of this ontological infection. We of course speak of agriculture in general, and irrigation in particular.

1 *La doctrine du Goofiísmé.*
2 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/State_of_matter*

The behavior of the water-kulak is marked by the capture and hoarding of the aquatic, however, as fresh-water became secured, the Angloid forces directed their calipers towards capturing the geography of salt-water. This has developed into their own form of ambrosia,—the bitter taste of antisemitism, and the miasma of crystalline corruption.[3]

We must preface the following with a clarificación, as it must be understood that, while we do advocate for the return to water, we do not advocate for water to return to us. Triangulized terrestrial forces, such as that of the hordes of Temujin,—serve as an example of this antagonism.

For instance, the *recurve bow* which, upon the face of the great Eurasian steppe, served as a weapon of mass annihilation, —became attacked by the miasmatic humidity of the south-east Asian jungle. Furthermore, we make note of the, so called, divine solted wind,[4] which was conjured by proto-Quadratic Japonese sorcerers.[5]

Such is the nature of the debased fluid, for which the Angloid holds an affinity, just as the Oxygen molecule holds an affinity for Hydrogen.

The Angloid proper was, in fact, quite close to re-awakening vestigial aquatic trash-genes, which lay dormant in the human body, insofar as the Anglo may be placed into that genus. As the premise of Speculative Anthropology has shown, and from which we can derive many things, we remain quite certain that the Angloid, in particular, was nearing the development of aquatic organs, such as gills or fins.

This development was, however, canceled, with the advancement of technology, for as is known, the technological begins to replace the organic. This is, in large part, a cause in the generation of the reward-system damaged coin chasá, and other such mutánts.[6]

3 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Seasoning*
4 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kamikaze_(typhoon)*
5 *Sorcerers insofar as they dabble in nigromancy.*
6 *It did do be like that — The Prophet.*

If we are to be compelled to pick a side in the battle of aquatic antagonisms, we say only the following: We favor the Lemurian, and not the Atlantean.[7] Although the Angloid and the proto-Angloid Quadratic forces, have formed a perverse marriage with with aspects of the aquatic,—these movements are, as was explained, not limited to a mere diaquaticism. The Quaded infection finds the path of least resistance, thus the anarchic spaces of the ocean have served the Anglo, and thus they have also exposed his piratical nature.

But, we now return to the, perhaps most important, aspect of the trans-temporal madness which plagues the world-soul, viz.—the Angloid, and in particular, the Quadraticizied nature of his cognition, for thought and extension exist in unison, as some have speculated, and others have polemicized. We must, however, take on one thing at a time, if but in appearance alone.

Much like Autism, the Quaded spirit reveals itself as a spectrum, and much like Autism, it is itself Autistic. We of course refer to the geometry proper of this assemblage of letters, viz.—*self-ism,* from the Greek *autos.* This self-sim is not to be confused with selfism or egotism of any sort, rather it is an antithesis to our General Schizophrenics. And, though the latter implies a split, which is to say, a division, we of course remain triangular, for we are más tas of names, and remain undetermined by the conspiracy of Quaded lexicographers.

A further explication of Angloid cognition would, in fact, be superfluous, for to define the gross is easy, but to explicate the subtle,—requires a third kind of knowledge.[8] As we ourselves are triangular, this understanding constitutes our very essence, thus we urge the reader to adjust their duḥkha-receptors, and set foot onto the path of sanctificación, for through these means, one will naturally come to intuit these subtle aspects of the great Shayṭánic forces of the Quadratic.

7 *This one's pretty good.*
8 *Sn. Benedictus de Espinoza, Ethica.*

We shall now briefly endeavor to demonstrate a mathematical aspect of this elucidation upon the Quaded cognition. In essence, to solve a quadratic equation, one can rely solely on means provided within the real numbers, however, cubic equations, at times, require one to dive into the complex plane, in order to obtain real solutions. It is by no coincidence that such a numbá system is known as "complex," for our mode of thought is of a higher dimensionality, just as we contain a higher geometric value than that of the Quaded Anglo. We know this not because of tedious ruminación but, rather, because of sheer categorical finesse.[9]

9 *This information was* obtained *by The Prophet though sorcerous means.*

ON YORUBA EPISTEMOLOGY.

Being an exposición of a particular unquaded system of epistemic justification.

WRITTEN BY SN. SAP.

Let it be known that, in spite of the general Angloid infestation, Sn. God still smiles upon *Yorubaland.* This should be obvious from what the Yorooba call themselves: "The People who ask: 'Good morning, did you wake up well?'" A pilgrimage with Sn. Sherm to this most verdant and mysterious land,[1] yielded highly encouraging results. The elders, known as *babelawos,* have exposed a powerful epistemic undercurrent, that seems to go unnoticed in many philosophies.[2] They ask the simple question: *"Who said this?"* They ask in simple terms, not for evidence, but for *direct experience.* They ask for *mo,* firsthand experience. For them, mo is necessarily a more reliable source of information than secondhand experience, or *igbagbo.*

Igbagbo is found nearly everywhere: Books, lectures, oral traditions, or the experience of another. There are two main types of igbagbo: *O seese,* which is possibly true, but unverified, and *ko seese,* which cannot be verified, only explained (*alaye*).

The Yorooba takes into account the character (*iwa*) of a given source of testimony, at the same time, an alaye must cohere with what we mo, or it is *buruku,* viz.—bad. If no lie was detected, then the testimony is good. Of course, igbagbo is not invalid knowledge, it simply is not as reliable as mo, rather, it is a

1 *https://www.nairaland.com/*

2 *https://www.rep.routledge.com/articles/thematic/yoruba-epistemology/v-1*

communal function, and for this reason, the Yorupa do not act on testimony if it is not a matter of community.

The Yorupa believe that mo can be shared, but only once there is a coherence between persons, but this, of course, presents a problem: How can any knowledge become firsthand? The enlightened Yorupa answers thus: *There is no community,* there is only the *egó,*[3] which manifests itself in a multiplicity. In a state of pure egó, the community is absorbed into the individual. The individual becomes self sustaining, but only insofar he is the only one who can mo a given schema or *quale*.

It is here that we understand the essence of true Yorooba ethics, which is not ethics at all, but the substratum of the ethical process behind the pretensions of abstract reasoning. It is the *truth-in-the-process.*

Paraphrasing Hegel, the Yoreoba man exists in a state of undifferentiated unity, where there is no being past his own existence, and in a perpetual state of surprise, a state of contingent happenings. For this reason, he is always smiling, and Sn. God *smiles back.* Thus, the egó destroys the communal subject, cannibalizing it, and thereby *imos* it. To paraphrase Hegel more succinctly: Yoruoba *see,* Yoruuba *do.*[4] Yorooba man is thus the most blessed of all, as he operates on the *third kind of knowledge.* In fact, the Yorooba man is the very "*scabrous black Brazilian"* that so haunted Sn. Espinoza;[5] [6] they are the same triangle, only rotated. The enlightened Yorouba says that emotion is as much a part of rationality as the mind is, as no truth can be taken into account, without considering its context. But whereas the naïve Yerooba sees its context as existing in the community, the enlightened Yorooba sees context in *everything.*

Quadratic thinking demands the total removal of any emotion in the process of ratiocination and in empirical data-col-

3 *I believe this?*

4 *GWF Hegel, Lectures on the Philosophy of History.*

5 *https://www.earlymoderntexts.com/assets/pdfs/Spinoza1661.pdf*

6 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nagos*

lecting. The heretical notion that *"numbers communicate no emotion,"* which is nothing but a product of centuries, perhaps millennia, of obsessive and autistic quadrant-scrawlings, thus holds no water in the face of Yorooba epistemologié, which holds emotion to be a critical epistemic operator. The Quad is totally lacking in good iwa, and we find his alaye to be buruku. We thus do not find ourselves compelled to respond to his egregious *ko seese blabbering,* in anything resembling the Quaded notion of *"good faith."*

We have also discovered that, the enlightened Yorooba, meets with the enlightened *Mimasaka,* though they come from opposite paths, i.e. in concluding that everything is true. But where the Mimamsaka proclaims this prima facie, (and thus runs the risk of missing the truth-in-the-process) the enlightened Yoroba comes to this conclusion once he accepts that the potential is the actual, that the potentia is the act, that power is never in the reserve, because it would not be power if it is not being used (do not confuse this statement with any denial of the ultimate truth posited by Hanfei, that the *sceptá* must ever remain hidden.)[7] In the same vein then, experience is only experience; all potential experiences, by virtue of being potential, thus are, and therefore all these experiences are mo. Thus, the enlightened Yurbuba says: *Everything is true.* It is the very thing which the enlightened Yorooba knows to be embodied in *Eshu* The Linguist, The Crafty Metaphysician, The Divine Mediator of Fate And Information. For the triangular essence of any scholá of Goofiísmé would profit greatly from gaining knowledge of the exploits of the Jesterous orisha, for in him is embodied not only the essence of Goofiísmé, but also the essence of Yorouba epistemology, as well as its wider application within (Yerooba) society, which he nonetheless subverts, just as he upholds it.[8]

7 *Han Fei, Han Feizi.*

8 *https://www.carnaval.com/sfoo/trickster.htm*

RITES OF ENTRY,

OR: THE PATHS INTO THE WORLD OF LIGHT, AND

Also, the Self-Illuminated Nigrotic Ocean. Composed in verse, and containing two methods.

WRITTEN BY SN. SHERM.

TWOFOLD SLEEPLESS NIGHT,
And threefold summation,
Through ſkillful means alone,
Pierce daürkeſt occultation.
With ephedrine ſtrength and Æthiopic bean,
Enter, through ſtillness, the sleepless dream.
Therein wait, and in waiting alone,
Observe the ſpacious, and darkened dome.
Soon arrives paralysis, the incorporeal grave.
And sooner ſtill, the firſt nigrotic wave.
Equanimity and equipoise, in oceanic ſtasis;
With ringing noise, blaſted into catharsis.
Twofold sleepless night, and threefold summation,
Through ſkillful means alone, attain illumination.
With ephedrine ſtrength and Æthiopic bean,
Threefold breath of Gymnosophic scheme.
A black dot upon the cavern wall,
Therein the sight is caſt and therein the sight will fall.
Concentration and arrow-breath;
Light begins to capture the gazing self.
Slowly and ſtill, and through feedback alone,
Till the light of lights has finally shone.[1]

1 *If it is so fated, reproduce these schemes at your own peril, and not ours.*

ESCAPADE OR ESCAPĀD.

BEING SMÓL NARRATIVE,

Concerning certain ethnic matters, wherein the accidental, the occidental, and the premeditated, are explored.

WRITTEN BY TACITVS APOSTROF.

GOOD DAY, MY name is Ivan Ivanovich Yagoda, I exiſt in absolute fear. It was my wife, you see, she wishes to preform the natural obligation each and every day, and sometimes several times in a day. I apologize, gentlemen, for such a description, but it is so. Nonetheless I have satisfied her needs due to the religious law, yes, not the secular one,—there could be grounds for divorce, it is a practical concern, you see. However, gentlemen, I tell you this: I am not concerned for lack of energy or vital force, indeed, I could endure this onto my death!—It is the fear of my *disinteresſt* being discovered, my *sincere* lack of passion and utter *indifference,* in not only this, but all matters. For I tell you, gentlemen, it is not as you might assume, judging by the ſtate of womanhood of our times,—that she, that is, my wife—would be fine with a soulless and disintereſted golem for a consort. If that were so, she may as well copulate with an ass. You may ask yourselves, gentlemen, as to how it is that I am able to eat fine cuts of meat, lay with my wife daily, drink fine old brandy, enjoy various smells and visions &c,—and yet claim no desire at all. It is the fault of your reasoning, gentlemen, that you assume contradiction where none exiſts!—I am not privy to the inner workings of my ſtate of affairs, gentlemen, but nonetheless I have discovered a mechanical aſpect thereof. I

smell food and I go to eat, yet I feel no hunger, I see my wife in natural aspect and my loins engorge with passion, yet I share no passion with it. It is so gentlemen, as if my soul were severed from the body. That the body behaves as a normal man would, and yet the mind and the passions are not found. I have lived like this for two years and thirty-two days. Yes gentlemen, I have kept track and count!—And now I will speak of the beginning, for indeed it was not always like this, this state of affairs. It all began during the summer of *one thousand eight hundred eighty* when I chanced upon a bundle of papers, a manuscript in fact, «*L'Apokarteron Allemand.*» I am not joking gentlemen, I found it while crossing the Stone Bridge. Recalling the day makes my hand shake, and I can not command it to stop, I took a break gentlemen! A break!—Not out of feeling, but out of necessity of limb and ligament, of bone and sinew, and so on!—Nonetheless it was a miasmatic summer's day, and the streets were abandoned, this did not strike me as odd, however, in retrospect,—it should have. That night, I began reading it, the manuscript,—and gentlemen, I tell you now: I was possessed by a strange enthusiasm and could not part with the work until I had completed it. By the morning I was found in my room by one of the servants, he was a swarthy man of questionable Caucasian ancestry—which I had employed at the time. I can still recall, no—see his wide white eyes through my then, crusted, exhausted and bloodshot sensory organs. I was laid upon the floor with my back slouched on the wall. I was covered in a blanket of manuscript papers, all strewn about,—implying prior havoc. As it was, it all appeared as a shallow grave of some kind. To this state I had arrived through a frantic analysis, which I engaged in after finishing the text. I thoroughly looked over the manuscript, again and again. And when I could think no more—I found my body inflamed, as if my nerves were each as hot as the sun. An exhaust of feeling occurred, as if something had left my body, and then the pain stopped. I collapsed and as previously described—I was found. For half a year, gentlemen, I had feigned some illness; doctors had diagnosed me

with *all* and *everything.* But it was all a ruse gentlemen, as it served to explain my subsequent strange behavior, or rather, a total and utter lack of behavior in general!—But relatively quickly, I had managed to adjust and play pretend, not out of some volition, but affectless compulsion, if I may term it thus. Now, the more enlightened of you will wonder why I do not simply commit suicide... Well, I tell you this, gentlemen: You may notice that, at the beginning of this text, I had claimed to live in absolute fear, and that then I have claimed to lack any passion. But is not fear a passion?—You may then tell yourselves that this surely must be a contradiction, but alas gentlemen!—It is the only constant and consistent affect that endures somewhere in the centers of my head and chest. Every involuntary movement of the body is polluted by fear and horror thrice distilled!—and thrice poisoned, thus also timed a hounded-and-eleven times!—Indeed gentlemen, it is so. I feel no need for release, yet I am caged, I sense no sense at all, yet by it I am deranged. *Sans vitalité!*—The soul, an empty stage!——But gentlemen, I of course do not intend to end it here; I do speak of suicide by the way. Now, for those among you who may perhaps be a little slow, and I say this with no ill-intent, for often slowness is a virtue, the simple-minded holy fools are allegedly blessed, I am half-certain of this myself, but these men are not dull, they instead seek to make themselves as such, but I digress! —Now let me provide this example: It occurred sixty-seven days ago. My good friend Alek had arrived to my home uninvited. As is his custom, he did not greet me, but commented on my «*damnable comb-over.*» I reminded him that although my hair had thinned and receded, what was «*combed-over,*» was still the hair which grows atop my head, and not the hair which grows on the sides, which would then be grown long and combed over the top to create the failed illusion of youth!—Our definitions did not agree, and in most areas of life, we were radically opposed. Why then, gentlemen, do I make my pastime with such company?—It is for but one mutual interest we hold, our own personal *folie à deux.* I of course speak of the works of

Wilhelm Richard Wagner. A bit outmoded perhaps, and two Russians nonetheless!—However, I always suspected some obscure Durdzuk ancestry in Alek, judging by his eyebrows and temper. Now, as the well-educated among you have already deduced,—although we both appreciated Wagner, we did not do so for the same reasons. This still appeared to be enough to produce something akin to a friendship. I realize that I have digressed too far, and gentlemen, I assure you that I have flagellated myself for this offense, in the fashion of the Shiyate Moslems!—Now, on that particular evening—after the disagreement concerning my hair—we reclined, and smoked, and spoke of the great German, that endless well of topic. Now, as we spoke on into the night, it was not that I had ran out of things to say, rather it was the mechanism of the body. I entered into a catatonic repose, while my good friend went on speaking for a good minute. Gesturing towards my prized icon of St. Basil, I asked Alek if he had ever noticed that it was there, and if he had thought about its significance. Alek stood up and walked over for his coat, from which he then extracted three large bottles of what at first seemed—and was later confirmed—to be a deadly amount of Uralic moonshine. He then sat down and drank all three bottles in quick succession, spilling at least a good third of the portions, as he struggled with an iron will to guzzle it down as fast as possible. Having finished, he made a horrible guttural noise, breathed in discomfort and relief, and then wiped the lower portion of his face. His head slumped to the side, and he gazed at the floor for a short time. He locked his sight with mine and spoke, saying: "*no.*"——Do not think it absurd, and be assured that I am not lying to you, gentlemen. Is it that absurd that I assumed you fine people would assume it indeed was?—Regardless, my good readers, I go on with this. I began giving my aesthetic analysis of the icon, the shameless shame of the Saint in his nakedness before God, and how one of these elements was made possible by the other. As I spoke, I realized that my friend was succumbing to alcohol poisoning. After I gave it some thought, I figured that he had

not yet vomited, and this assured me that he would survive without aid. I went on with my lecture, and as I did, at once—my good friend slumped down to the floor and collapsed into unconsciousness. I at once stopped, stopped!—gentlemen,—got up and went to sleep.——Now, I will spare you the details, you good and fine people, for it is not necessary. However, what you ought to understand, is that this was for me—*a reprieve.* For it was the sole moment of liberation from that perennial terror which marked those days of fear. All the while I talked, I also schemed, involuntarily so!—I conspired to commit murder through negligence!—Yes, you good and fine morally-upright gentlemen and fine people—I am a murderer! Though only by initial refusal to prevent something that I easily could have. This was out of no malice, and was spurred by no bloodlust, as you may have already understood. Rather this was a brief moment, not desire, for it was still absent, but a mechanical relief which lacked motivation; how am I to describe it!—My rhetoric finally knots itself up, and I can not find a way to explain, gentlemen!—But nonetheless, I persist!—Now, do not think that I have produced this text for the purpose of admitting to a crime, or that of a suicide note, or as a diary of some lunatic, no—I in fact have no intent at all, which again, the sharper among you will have discerned already. However, my intent, if it may be called that—is formed by things wholly outside of my dispassionate presence, which I may deem to call my *self.* And I do, gentlemen, suspect that this is indeed the actual and only state of being of every living creature on this good earth!—Yet there is a clear difference between this state of being and my former nature. Do not get excited gentlemen, for you have not caught me in contradiction yet. Know then that I will not endevour to explain this one, rather, the task is up to you, for surely I have been generous enough!—Alas, I digress yet again; anyway, gentlemen, do not raise your outrage at me, for I too am a victim in this event, not only due to my lack of presence of being, but also due to the fact that I was infected. Yes, I was infected by an idea gentlemen!—And this idea set into motion a series of

events of which I will now write. This idea was fueled and given life by that utter release of fear that I experienced. This idea possessed me, and showed to me that men may be killed by things other than rifles and bayonets; it is odds, gentlemen, odds and the manipulation thereof, which may make one a murderer without blame!—I will provide an example, and be assured gentlemen, this is no fiction, you may inquire into these events yourself if you live in the capital. These people have names, and most of their deaths were reported. Now, after the incident with Alek, I made immediate preparations, that is after the idea germinated properly and developed itself,—and so I set on to cause the death of my beloved wife. Yes gentlemen, my wife the incessant nymph. I had arranged several conditions, such as taking her on walks which lead beneath certain buildings which were under renovation. I had other plans, and I did set them into effect, but I will not bore you gentlemen, for it took no more than five days for a brick to find its way down to my wife's head. Know also that I have encouraged the degenerative habits of several acquaintances, and even strangers, and that I had given terrible advice to young upstarts, and, *and also,*—that I have given wrong directions to various random people!—Indeed, I have been quite busy ever since that fateful Wagnerian meeting. It does not take long to accomplish such things gentlemen. I myself was surprised, as far as I may call it surprisal,—by what efficient industry such things could be achieved. Be assured that I have broken no law in the process of these things. It is the subtle manipulation of probability gentlemen, I state this again, it is simple, it is very easy to put into repeated risk of health and safety, by subtle means,—most upright individuals, and easier still—those who exist in poverty of soul and pocket... I,—*I once caused the death of a window cleaner by pretending to slip and fall onto the floor,*—I released a loud and sudden screech, and as I glanced back to the window,—I saw nothing but the clear blue sky, accompanied by the ever-distant and brief screams of the one who was there but a moment ago... But, no, details gentlemen, yes. At last, let me tell you this, my

aims rose higher than I could ever foresee, though not out of want of power or pride, but sheer mechanical necessity!—For I began inspiring and funding radicals of all ſtripes!—Covertly of course. But this, and all these manipulations of chance are nothing in comparison to my *grand œuvre,*—mind you, it is only grand by scope of design and influence, and not by my hand, or head, or measure of any such sort!—For you, good and fine gentlemen, and noble and enlightened people!—Some of you, no doubt, know of me, or know my name though we may have never met. I am no braggart, I say say this only out of necessity, do not forget this!—I am no worker of miracles, though it may appear near-miraculous,—it has been set in motion, gentlemen, —that great troubles will come, and come quite soon!—And with this I have perhaps said too much. For those educated among you will easily intuit from this, my ſtature and position, and perhaps even compile an incomplete picture of things that I have set in motion, people I have spoken to, and all else, et cetera. But be sure gentlemen, that my name will not be known to poſterity at large. I may become an obscure reference in some treatise on the defense of polygamy, or perhaps a mere mention in a newspaper archive... But I

I digress, and I muſt say this, I muſt ſtate it again!—I am not an unpleasant man, nor am I soul-sick, a madman or some lunatic; I've suffered no disease in the course of my entire life!—But I leave you with this, gentlemen: I had a dream recently, I saw the biblical apocalypse, and therein —*colors,* colors which I had never seen before.

DE RE VINDICATIVA MENTIS.[1]

BEING AN APPLICATION

of retro anticipatory anthropology. With exposition of the theories of mind in general and in special. Written by

SN. SAP AND SN. SHERM.

OVER THE COURSE of history many *theories of mind* have been produced, each and every one of them unsatisfactory. For all these notions betray a pervading weakness, which was birthed in the halls and the basements of Quaded "universities," and perhaps, even worse, in the novel *mutacións* of such ideas, by, and among the duped public, who are victim thus become perpetrator. Which is not to say that we hold anything against perpetration in itself, for we ourselves have been thus determined to propagate a potent discoverié, one which is set to emendate these very perpetrations,—in fact, it is through, and not against the aforementioned, that we shall achieve this aim.

It is *volition* which constitutes the essence of the general inquiry into the theory of mind, for the right understanding of volition, internal and external,—acts as one of the most potent selectors within primate societies. Our discussion of volition is not to be conflated with the discussion of *agency,* for volition is possessed by nothing other than the *Spirit of vengeance.* And as we have made mention of primatology, thus we are compelled

1 *The I.C.G.A, having access to several Latin-gimps, is aware of the bustard grammar employed here. Something like "De Rebus Vindicālibus Mentis," would have been more correct, but, to the knowing ones, it would not be more accurate.*

to seek out and, not only to describe, the *vengeance theorem of mind,* (VTM) but also to point to its origin in the modal trajectory of human development.

What is shown here, constitutes a reversal of anticipatory anthropology,[2] wherein retro-causal anticipation is made possible. By what means this is achieved, is known only to the Prophet, who, as it were,—happens to harbor the essence of maximal spitefulness.

To us, however, remains only the task of synthesis,[3] for this we have discovered, not through tedious historical examination, —but rather through contemporary analysis, which constitutes a form of retro-causal *divinación.* For if we are to anticipate the past, we must know the conditions of, what relative to the past, —forms its own *ancienneté.* This, however, is not to be confused with mere *historicism,* or even *historism.*

The application of wisdom dictates that there must have been a primal scene, a moment within which, *violence-as-substance* gave birth to self-consciousness, which then dictated that the subject within whom this change transpired,—sexually outcompeted its rivals.

This, as far as we can tell, was the exact moment when *Aḏām Qaḏmōn* actualized into *Ze'ir Anpin.*[4] This transmutation is nothing more than the seeding of the synapses, within which neurons have waged a perpetual war against one another for millennia.[5] It is the pivotal instance, within which the basal material *powá process* forged a new form of weaponry, through its essential violence. We of course speak of *vengeance proper,* and, as is clear from what was explicated previously,—vengeance is in fact synonymous with self-consciousness.

It follows necessarily, from the aforementioned, that every instance of, what is denoted *volitional,* is in reality a process of spite. This is to say that the very possibility of a theory of mind,

2 *Scroll up niḡḡá.*
3 *For we are not only freebasers of history, but also in general.*
4 *We have here employed the Hebraic, for the sake of clarity.*
5 *Volgushev, M., Ilin, V., & Stevenson, I. H. (2015).*

holds its origin in the spiteful moment of vengeance, and thus exists as a continuation thereof,—yet unbroken, as it bestowed reproductive success onto the developing hominid. This is, in part, because self-consciousness served, and still serves, as a barometer of *precognitive damage,* for the physical manifestation of vengeance, not as an act, but as state of being,—is the fundamental building block of higher-order thought, as it is the first self-reflexive task which demands, and thus produces anticipation concerning future times, and thus encodes them into the raging battle of firing neurons.

From this it follows that mutual-recognition must arise out mutual-antagonism, for as certain atavistic racial memories, such as those produced by Sn. God and scribed by the Hebraic nácion,—reveal that *Cain* must have an *Abel,*—and it must be understood that Abel himself was also a primordial *haṭá.*[6]

We anticipate that the pivotal struggle must have been initiated by an introduction of a *powá surplus,* which we are compelled to locate in the violent introduction of fire into the contingent series of surprises which constituted primate society at the time. It must be mentioned that the pre-self-conscious mode of operation did in fact involve, what we may call, the proto-political, but not the political proper, for to talk of politics is to obfuscate violence. As such, we do not hold *sacrifice* to be of any initial importance in the primal moment of the generation of self-consciousness.

Proto-politics, as such, involved the simple antagonism caused by power imbalance, wherein one party would submit to another after a short conflict was instigated by, not conflicting desire,—but rather the same desire, though separated into two competing subjects.

The *arisión* of vengeance is what precisely forever altered this dynamic, and what separates it from the pre-self-conscious state of affairs, which we may still identify in various clades of life. It follows from this *retro-anticipatión,* that the discovery of fire

6 *Bereishit Rabbah 22:7.*

generated a powá surplus which must have been, at first, concentrated within a sole individual, for the pre-self-conscious state dictates that the subject maintains what powá they have acquired, without any further consideration. And though details must remain unclear, it nonetheless follows that another subject was compelled to capture and seize this powá for himself, not out of envy,—for this would constitute a considering of the other, but rather from his own consideration of his own undifferentiated unity.

This process would be unlike former struggles between subjects, due to the reward at stake. This unusually prolonged powá process would necessitate mutación. Whether this mutación was caused by unknown and pseudo-random precedents, or was produced by an act of Sn. God, so to speak,—matters little, for we are enlightened enough to know that whatever precedes the pivotal moment,—must also constitute its essence, all temporality thus withheld.

The birth of vengeance would offer victory and genetic propagation to the first spiteful creature, however, as he himself was changed, thus also was his progeny irreversibly altered.

The VTM contends that the mind is nothing other than a vengeful epiphenomenon, fueled by the flames rising from the agonistic synaptic firings between internecine neurons, and fully ushered into being by the first moment of true mutual-antagonism.

From the moment an infant is born, it cries, and if it does not, we make it so; and we are enlightened enough to know that these are tears of victimization and frustration. This frustration is not directed at any "trouble with being born," nor does it reflect any hatred for living, rather—it is simply frustration at the *information overload* the infant is being forcefully subject to.

This trauma invariably carries over into adult life, which typically involves the cultivation, in some way or another,—of this burning hatred, which is, to the detriment of all, called "*the mind.*"

Stimulus, as well as the output of thought, is thus directly tied to the vengeful state in which all humans are condemned to exist in. This is why the *Prophet himself* is the maximally spiteful, for in his endeavors to compile infinite sources, he has cultivated a supremely vengeful spirit. In the same vein then, SN. GOD IS infinitely vindictive,[7] as his mind is infinite; from this can also be deduced the same proofs, thus shown by anticipatory-anthropological means,—that *all* volition is but an expression of this vindictive state of being. To act (and perception is an act) is for an object to cannibalize some other object, which itself is an affront to all other objects, by mere virtue of its existence. Man is thus, in his subsequent state, forced to think, *compelled* to *scheme* and *plot,* in what is, in origin, and in essence, nothing other than the *Spirit of vengeance.*

7 *Nahum 1:2*

THE ANGLOPHONE PARADIGM SHIFT.

Being a politological analysis of the contemporrary turmoil withing the scheme of the global Quadropolis.

WRITTEN BY LS. NEDIM AL-SELYAKI.

Terrific heat, the armpit of Africa, observed as a peripheral node, the stench and humidity keep the metropolan machinations of historical progress at bay, however, as with the armpit of a medieval peasant, the terminal disease produces symptoms of a calamity far worse than bubonic plague. The declaration of independence by the people of South Cameroon on the 1st of October 2018[1] led to an armed conflict that is by no means technologically advanced, or at the civilizational hypercluster of the euroatlantic, yet this conflict is a lambency of the future.

Fukuyama's *End of History* appeared to be shattered by the antithesis, the alternate model of modernity, viz.—Sheik Osama's *Casio f-91w* continued to portray our relation to entropy, and the neoliberal anglophone conclusion of history creeped closer. The civilizational plunge of man, which began in the expanse of antediluvian cornfields, has begun its terminal acceleration. *Ambazonia* is the initial phase in the termination of humanity, it is the near future.

Strategic soil consolidation is never a second thought, virtual nightmares of spatial limitations haunt the global north. The expanded nodal periphery's drive towards Pareto efficiency

1 *https://www.ambazoniagov.org/images/docs/Interim-Constitution-of-the-Federal-Republic-%20of Ambazonia.pdf*

short circuits the start of the new cognitive revolution.

The clash of civilizations, Huntington[2] agitated as the prime mode of global interaction has been emaciated by GIC[3] expansion to the periphery. What happens when a myriad of telecommunications providers in the global south, such as *Glo,* in Nigeria, supplement the spatial irrationality of the global south, and enable the usage of exobrains, even to the hunter-gatherer?

How do societies and cultures without a civilization fit into Huntingtons grand scheme, in which the Western Anglo-American civilization is the protagonist? In order to answer these questions, it is necessary to observe the Anglophone crisis in Cameroon, and its relation to the current paradigm shift.

As with most states in Africa, power expands in *concentric circles* from the capital, over the topography and infrastructure of the state. The specific spatial dynamics of sub-Saharan Africa, rarely allowed the state apparatus to establish a monopoly of force within the borders that were portrayed on maps, and internationally recognized. This weakness of the central state apparatus, that was extremely apparent from the onset of decolonization, has only recently been overcome. With no way to escape the central state, those at the terminal ends resist, as the *Wayuu* have waged war for centuries. Global inter-connectivity provides the hallucinogenic powder that's blown up the nostrils of every Homo Ergaster,[4] so that they may partake in ritual warfare within the new *dreamtime.* The Ambazonian conflict represents a prime example of this *civilizational juju* unfolding. The issue at hand, within South Cameroon, is not one of clear ethnic or religious division, neither is it a question of ideology, but rather, it is a conflict in regards to the most basic of human attributes, i.e. *language.*

The colonial history of this area provides the initial social cleavage, however, the modern conflict is in essence an expansion of the Mediterranean grain basin. "The Empire never

2 *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Samuel_P._Huntington*

3 *Grain-Industrial Complex.*

4 "*Man does not think, man works.*"

ended,"[5] the Ambazonian fighters quoted to themselves.[6] The new auxiliaries of the *Pax Anglica* spread a cognitive virus, that even the powerful kleptocratic gentry of the CDC could not contain. The brazillified hyper-urban future depends on the efficiency of Anglo-American civilization, the lingua franca, a pidgin that all attempt to speak, but few understand. This sublimation of the peripheral, with its lack of falsificational, rigor and its elusive mysticism, accelerates the coming cataclysm. Call center technological singularity is just around the corner, the moment when the ultimate grain preserver takes over this profession humanity, will cease to be necessary. The subnational and supranational have emaciated the leviathan state, Ambazonia is the first sub-national cancerous ulcer that does not wish to be simply removed from the national corpus of Cameroon, but rather incarnates the Fukuyamist destination, the end of history and the last Homo Ergaster. Even man, in the peripheral topographically unreachable areas, conjures *digital voodoo* as to save his soul from labor. There will be no meltdown in the global south, merely a drizzle from the overheated central node of the Euroatlantic.

5 *Dick, P. K. (2011). Valis (Vol. 1). Houghton Mifflin Harcourt. Pg 29*

6 *The source for this quotation has unfortunately been lost due to outside interference. You will simply have to believe us. This should not be a difficult task.*

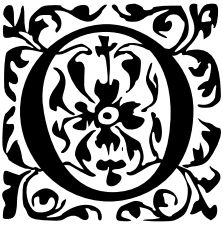
SELECTED GOOFIÍST

POETRY BY SN. SAP.

Containing four poetical works dealing with various diverse subjects and ţings, written by

THE AFOREMENTIONED.

The Bridge.



H! THIS ASHY *city and it's drollatic downtown*
I meander,—where to go, where to go?
But it becomes clear:
The sanctuary I seek,
Is not atop some peak,
Not in some vaſt expanse of sand,
Nor some teeming foreſted land.
The haven I crave does not lie near crashing waves,
Not 'pon some hilly top or flatland filled with crop.
I simply want to sit under that ſpace underneath the bridge,
Littered with cigarette butts; open, yet sealed shut,
Assailed and surrounded by passing cars,
Yet somehow unaffected,—unmarred.
One muſt wonder how such a connecting thing—
Feels so blissfully detached

I am the Masţá.

I am the masţá if all I envision,
I am faſţá than all my opposición.
I heed not the casta of all this derisión.
For I am the basţád,
I stand in the highest elevación.

Drëenk.

When I drink wạtá,
I sip-slurp, It are is be.
The hydración.[1]

The Derelict's Refrain.

I am the alley, I am the tenement.
I am every cranny In which crack is sold.
Every hit and run, every wrong turn on the ſtreet,
Every deal or victim ſtruck.
None dare queſtion my authority,
Which I feel no need to exercise.
For I am content to sleep under these old blankets
And the ever dimming ſtars, lining the ſky like caltrops,
Which those shuffling pairs of legs
Seem so prone to trip over in their vain ambition.

1 *This poem is very smól.*

POSTQVAM POST SCRIPTVM

OF THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS OF THE

First Goofiíst Infranational. With novel additions for the third edition thereof, and also the several crypto-updates.

WRITTEN BY SN.SHERM.

Index Capitum:

Editor's Note.	Cap. I.
A Liſt of Goofiíſt Precursors.	Cap. II.
Dictionary of Bordigois.	Cap. III.
Errata.	Cap. IV.
An Inquiry.	Cap. V.

Editor's Note. Cap. I.

THIS GODLY AND humble book has gone through various ſtages of augmentación, not only through the publication of new editions, but also via crypto-updates to the textual content and to the typography, which have thus far not been accounted for properly in any known publication.

In ḍis way, it is the aim of this brief note to inform the reader about these matters. Now, of course, things have been added and removed for reasons you will never underſtand, lil nigga, but nonetheless, they conſtitute only an improvement. Now, the nitpicking individual, in the order of the professional chimp-groomer, may consider the notion of miſtakes and their

correction, but, dear reader, if there were no mistakes, there would be no world. But yes, that's right, there are no mistakes, if we are to consider this from a higher epistemic point of view, and therefore it follows that there is no world. This is not an anti-cosmical statement. See, we living in some sort of magical place, for, once you gaze upon it,—it disappears.[1]

A list of Goofiíst Precursors. Cap. II.

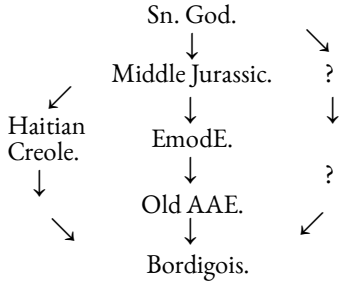
Sn. Alexandr Lobanov,
Sn. Jesus the Christ,
Ls. Pythagoras of Samos,
Ls. Paul Karl Feyerabend,
Sn. Benedictus de Espinoza,
Sn. Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti,
All the Sophists,
Sn. Dawa Sangpo,
Sn. Johann Kaspar Schmidt,
Sn. Timothy Dexter,
Alcibiades,
Ls. Yang Zhu,
Sn. God,
Ls. Musaylima Al-Kadhdhāb,
Sn. Paul Erdős,
Ls. Chuang Tzu,
Ls. Theodore John Kaczynski,
Zarmanochegas & Peregrinus,
And several others, not presently listed here.

Dictionary of Bordigois. Cap. III.

In the finalizing moments of the production of this, the very First Infranational, we have come to understand that it is necessary that a brief, but compact, delineación of the verbiage and phonetics, thus employed by those sainted in the silly juice,—must be rendered clear and legible to those determined to acquire greater understanding.

N.B.—Since the publication of the very First Goofiíst Infranational, certain linguistic shifts and mutacións have manifested within the linqua ioculatoria. Thus, for an advanced understanding of Bordigois, a study of (the as of writing unpublished) Second Infranational is indeed necessary. The grammar of the first edition however remains a potent tool of linquistic unquadding and general jestación. The first ţing that will be presented here is the genealogy of Bordigois, insofar as it was possible to attempt a speculation thereof:

1 *Nepal, 1st June 2001.*



The Bordigois speech consiſts of the following vowels, the monophtongs being: æ~ɛː~ɛə, ɛː~ɛə~eə, a~ɑ̈~ɑ, ɒ(ɔ)~ɔ(ʊ), ɛ~eə, ə, ɪ~iə, I, ʌ~ɜ, and ʊu~u. With the Diphthongs being: äː~äe~aː, æɔ~æə, eɪ~ɛɪ, oɪ, ʌʊ~ɔʊ, oa, wa, ɥi, and wɛ̃. The consonants consiſt of the following: m, ʧ, h, n, k, v, ŋ, f, z, p, s, ʒ, t, ʃ, l, ʈ, x, j, and w. N.B.—these are ordered arbitrarily.

The informal grammar appears to be the following: Most inſtances of the final [er] and [ar] are transmuted into[ʈə] or [də], [ə], and [ɐ]. E.g.: "*Watʈá.*" Moſt medial inſtances of [ʃ] are transmuted into [sió]. Moſt possessive pronouns are transmuted into singular third person, e.g.: *"He/they drink he/they waʈá."* Moſt [al] syllables are transmuted into [ól]. Moſt inſtances of [ən] are transmuted into [ón] Medial inſtances of [t] are transmuted into the hard [ʈ]. In the case of an affirmation, either all three temporal tenses are used, or only one temporal tense is used, but all relational tenses within that temporal tense are utilized, e.g. *"It will was is,"* et cetera.

It muſt be noted that, the following liſt, contains only those words, phrases and similar, which were identified during the publication of the very firſt edition of the Firſt Goofiíſt Infranational, and that a further education in these matters may be attained, in general, in other Goofiíſt works, published after the aforementioned, or in special, the [as of writing] yet unpublished Second Goofiíſt Infranational, containing the second edition of the Bordigois Dicʈionary.

It must also be noted that some crypto-updates have indeed affected the state of the list shown here, if only to a smól degree. Nonetheless, for the true original, seek out the very first edition of this book. With this considered, the aspects of Bordigois phraseology, of the third edition, are shown below:

The Very Ṭing, the very thing.

Refléxion, an affective power feedback loop.

Soup/Soupiń, [verb] to deconstruct the essence of another and present it to them.

Unquaded, unpolluted by Angloid material processes.

Powá, The Very Thing manifest.

Jeṣtación, jesterous activity.

Quaded, subverted or consumed by the Angloid.

Tround, our Zulfiqar.

[X] *smól,* [Y] *big,* a recognition of powá.

Factuals, certified tautologies.

No lie detected, granting of a factual.

Quad, an Anglo.

The Silly Juice, the ambrosia.

Sainted Nigga, Sn. [abrv] a canonized Goofiist Associate. A person possessing knowledge and skillful means, who has demonstrated their powá in some faithfully recorded manner. NB. This does not necessarily apply to historical figures in the same way.

Coin chasá, one with a severely damaged reward system.

Anglo, a Quad.

Imá download ḍat, an expression of positive aesthetic appraisal.

Goofié, holding triangular essence of clear Goofiíśt nature.

Chaman, a masṭá of Schizophrenics.

Shayṭanic, the malefically Quaded.

Shayṭan, the malefic in general.

Learned Scholá, Ls.[abrv.] a person possessing knowledge and skillful means, a grade below Sainted Nigga.

On Quad, we swear on our enemies.

Errata. Cap. IV.

The errata contained here signify chiefly those of the first and second editions of the First Goofiist Infranational, with several additions from the third edition, and as of now, the culmination of several crypto-updates.

Concerning page numbers: Initially it was not our intention to forego the use of page numbers, however, we have come to understand that there are simply too many numbers to *practically write down.* We know this in part because the Prophet is indeed ever-numerating, and not numerated. We do not say these things to be absurd or to even *jest*, we mean it, here is the proof:

1. $\vdash S:\mathbb{N}\to\mathbb{N} := \forall n\in\mathbb{N}: S(n)=n+1$ Definition
2. $\vdash \forall x_1,x_2\in Dom(S): S(x_1)=S(x_2)\Rightarrow x_1=x_2$ Trivially true
3. $\{\exists n\in\mathbb{N}: S\sim\mathbb{N}_{<n}\}\vdash \exists n\in\mathbb{N}: S\sim\mathbb{N}_{<n}$ Assumption
4. $\{\exists n\in\mathbb{N}: S\sim\mathbb{N}_{<n}\}\vdash \forall y\in\mathbb{N}: \exists x\in Dom(S): S(x)=y$ by EoMBSoSC
5. $\{\exists n\in\mathbb{N}: S\sim\mathbb{N}_{<n}\}\vdash \forall n\in\mathbb{N}: S(n)\geq 0+1>0$ Trivially true
6. $\{\exists n\in\mathbb{N}: S\sim\mathbb{N}_{<n}\}\vdash 0\notin S[\mathbb{N}]$ from (5)
7. $\{\exists n\in\mathbb{N}: S\sim\mathbb{N}_{<n}\}\vdash \neg(\forall y\in\mathbb{N}: \exists x\in Dom(S): S(x)=y)$ from (6,5)
8. $\vdash \neg(\exists n\in\mathbb{N}: S\sim\mathbb{N}_{<n})$ reductio ad absurdum (7,2,3)

The above proof has been manually produced by the Prophet himself, and faithfully transplanted into this book, from the original manuscript.

Now, concerning "concerning page numbers:" As the third edition has brought with it an advancement in typography, so too have aspects of the numerical been improved upon. The reasoning for the omission of page numbers in the first and second editions still, of course, stands. However, with the understanding that the classical Roman numerical system, modestly, and sensibly, limits itself to the maximum numeration of 3999, the editor, in consultation with the core of the I.C.G.A, has de-

cided to employ the classical Roman numerals, towards the aim of enumerating the pages of the Third Edition of the Firſt Goofiíſt Infranational, as well as all other I.C.G.A. publications.

In the case of queſtions being raised over the use of the english language, it muſt be underſtood that agbọ́dọ̀ lóye rẹ̀ pé nítòótọ́ a ti sọ èdè Gẹ̀ẹ́sì tí wọ́n ń pè ní Èdè Gẹ̀ẹ́sì dàrú, èyí tó túmọ̀ sí pé a ti kọlu Anglo nípaṣẹ̀ àkópọ̀ èrò tirẹ̀, nítorí pé kókó-ẹ̀kọ́rẹ̀jẹ́fífàgọ́ara ẹni fauſtian, àti bẹ́ẹ̀bẹ́ẹ̀lọ.n.

Concerning the presence of paragraphs: The original ſtate of this work included more dashes than even the Prophet was willing to enumerate. There also exiſted an utter absence of paragraphs. Sn. Sherm ſtill maintains that their addition was a mistake.[2] [3] However, we have made adjuſtments, so that this work may be readable to the general public, insofar as this work may reach them by whatever accident of fate.

An Inquiry. Cap. V.

This inquiry is aimed at the very reader of this book: Have you read any of the following books: Vivekachudamani by Adi Shankara, A Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge by G. Berkeley, An Enquiry Concerning the Princples of Morals by David Hume, Panopticon or the InspectionHouse by Jeremy Bentham, Critique of Pure Reason by Imanuel Kant, Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus by Ludwig Wittgenſtein, Empiricism and the Philosophy of Mind by Willfrid Sellars, Either/Or by Soren Kierkegaard, Encyclopedia Britannica, Editions I-XV, A Hiſtory of Weſtern Philosophy by Bertrand Russell, and, Towards a New Socialism by Paul Cockshott.

If so,—we Prescribe
self-moïda.

2 *This has changed, the editor is now blooded with paragraphs.*

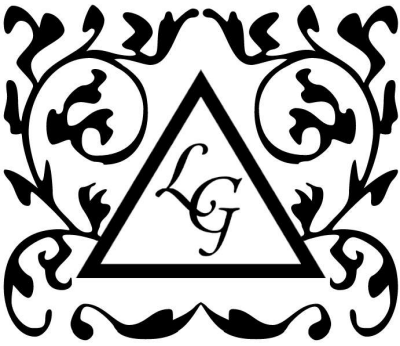
3 *Imá name my firſtborn son "Paragraph."*

F I N I S.

The Goofiíſt Corpus

may be located at the primary repository called
“The Infranational Consortium of Goofiíſt
Associates,”

hoſted on the archive.org.



EDITVM ANNO DOMINI

MM.XX.II.